

GG ALLIN

America's Favorite Son

UNCOOL - UNCLEAN - UNACCEPTABLE



A PERSONALITY HAS DIFF. WAYS OF RELEASING ITSELF AND IT'S TENSION. ALLIN'S
WAS IN MAYNASS AND ROCK N ROLL !!

MARGIN RESERVED FOR BINDING Write Plainly with Unfading Ink — This is a permanent record.
N. B.—In case of more than one child at a birth, a SEPARATE RETURN must be made for each, and the number of each child, in order of birth, stated.

CERTIFICATE OF LIVE BIRTH
STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

TOWN OR CITY
CLERK'S NO. 116

1. CHILD'S NAME (Type or print) a. (First) Jesus b. (Middle) Christ c. (Last) Allin		
2. PLACE OF BIRTH a. COUNTY Coos b. CITY OR TOWN Lancaster		3. USUAL RESIDENCE OF MOTHER (Where does mother live?) a. STATE NH b. COUNTY Coos c. CITY OR TOWN (Give actual town of residence, NOT mailing address.) Northumberland d. STREET ADDRESS (If rural, give location)
4. SEX MALE 5a. THIS BIRTH SINGLE <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> TWIN <input type="checkbox"/> TRIPLET <input type="checkbox"/> 5b. IF TWIN OR TRIPLET (This child born) 1ST <input type="checkbox"/> 2ND <input type="checkbox"/> 3RD <input type="checkbox"/>		6a. LENGTH OF PREGNANCY 40 WEEKS 6b. WEIGHT AT BIRTH 8 LBS. 9 1/2 OZS.
7. DATE OF BIRTH (Month) (Day) (Year) Aug 29, 1956		
FATHER OF CHILD		
8. FULL NAME a. (First) Merle b. (Middle) Colby c. (Last) Allin		9. COLOR OR RACE WH
10. AGE (At time of this birth) 32 YEARS	11. BIRTHPLACE (CITY OR TOWN) (STATE OR FOREIGN COUNTRY) TROY VT	12a. USUAL OCCUPATION Mailer Thompson Mfg Co 12b. KIND OF BUSINESS OR INDUSTRY
MOTHER OF CHILD		
13. FULL MAIDEN NAME a. (First) Arleta b. (Middle) Marie c. (Last) Dunfee		14. COLOR OR RACE WH
15. AGE (At time of this birth) 20 YEARS	16. BIRTHPLACE (CITY OR TOWN) (STATE OR FOREIGN COUNTRY) Gilman VT	17. CHILDREN PREVIOUSLY BORN TO THIS MOTHER (Do NOT include this Child) a. How many OTHER children are now living? 1 b. How many OTHER children were born alive but are now dead? 0 c. How many children were stillborn (born dead after 20 weeks pregnancy)? 0
18. MOTHER'S MAILING ADDRESS (For birth notification) a. STREET RFD #2 b. CITY OR TOWN Lancaster c. STATE NH		19. INFORMANT (Name or Signature) MRS Arleta Allin
ATTENDANT		
20a. SIGNATURE Robert H. Hinkley 20b. ADDRESS Cranston NH I hereby certify that this child was born alive on the date stated above.		20c. ATTENDANT AT BIRTH M. D. <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> D. O. <input type="checkbox"/> OTHER (Specify) 20d. DATE SIGNED 8/31/56
21. DATE REC'D BY TOWN OR CITY CLERK Sept. 4, 1956 22. CLERK OF Lancaster		23. CLERK'S OWN SIGNATURE Dorothy N. Case

V. S. 1

2-66 20M C. O. 161-58

1. Right Thumb	2. Right Fore Finger	3. Right Middle Finger	4. Right Ring Finger	5. Right Little Finger
6. Left Thumb	7. Left Fore Finger	8. Left Middle Finger	9. Left Ring Finger	10. Left Little Finger
Left Four Fingers Taken Simultaneously		Left Thumb	Right Thumb	Right Four Fingers Taken Simultaneously

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GG ALLIN

America's Favorite Son

UNCOOL - UNCLEAR - UNACCEPTABLE

*A personality has different ways of releasing itself and its tension.
Allin's was in madness and Rock n Roll...*

Childhood Essay FIRST 10 YEARS

BORN: Jesus Christ Allin
August 29, 1956
Lancaster, NH

The first 5 years of my life were infested with sickness & violence. It consisted of living in a log cabin in the northern woods of New Hampshire with father, mother, & brother. It was an extremely real, primitive, anti-social existence with no running water, little heat, and unbearably claustrophobic. We boiled water, laundered, and bathed in a very tiny, chipped sink. I was immensely sick with asthma, always fighting to breathe amidst emotionally uncomfortable conditions within a cabin where the wall colours were that of the ever-peeling paint strips. We lived in darkness. Father hated light. He also didn't care much for the company of other people. The surrounding air was suffocated in eerie tensions, filled with violence, despair and endless destruction. We were more like prisoners than a family. We were prisoners to father, and father was a prisoner of himself. He always had planned to kill my brother and I, then commit suicide with mother. This was brought to our attention on many a blistering occasion.

Father despised pleasures around the cabin and would consciously not allow any enjoyable items to enter into our home. If he found anything in our possessions that we enjoyed, he would take it out in the woods behind the cabin and bury it. We were allowed very little contact with others, we had no phone, and activities were limited. If someone came by to visit, we would all be made to hide or pay severe consequences. So we would hide. But it developed into our world. It's all we knew at the time. If mother ever refused him sex, he would furiously drag the bed out onto the grounds and burn it, setting it on fire as if all our souls were alive in the flames. Towards the end of a long, barbaric 5 years, mother was plotting to engage in our escape. She had previously tried but I was kidnapped in the failed attempt. But finally one day when father was at work in the papermill, mother packed us up swiftly leaving behind everything that could not be carried and we then escaped. Leaving behind the first 5 years of my life. A 5 years that would be scratched into my soul for eternity.

The first things she did soon after were to divorce father and change my name from Jesus Christ Allin to Kevin Michael Allin. But more violent confrontations followed throughout the years. Mother started dating men with a flair for guns and mayhem. We were again held at gunpoint on occasions and threatened by death. But mother was getting tougher. She dragged brother and I through all of these hardships & chaos and raised us despite all of the many complications and sacrifices in her life. I began hating, not trusting, fighting, and feeling very

distant to everyone and everything. At a very early age. I observed the world around me as a mere movie. A movie full of culprits and phonies. I was the leading man outside of the screen with a hammer just waiting for my chance to smash it all to oblivion. I became introverted, keeping things locked up inside the inner fractions of my ever-expanding brain map. I hung out and did what I had to do to survive in any situation. Brother and I became partners in drug dealing and theft. I never felt like I belonged around anyone, I was never intimidated. I felt superior. I hated school and all the other students. In the very early days of schooling I would purposely piss my pants so the teachers would send me home. In later days I would just say fuck it, and never go, choosing to break into houses or cars in parking lots to amuse myself and my finances.

My principal once told me that I was a penny waiting for change. But I suspect that I irritated him probably because I was making more money than he was. I also had predetermined very early in life that I obtained a special, very powerful soul that nobody could or would conceive or be able to stop me from achieving whatever I wanted. An irritating fire was building up inside of me from a seed that was planted at my birth. It was now starting to blossom. Evil fires and powerful conclusions were alive and spreading like wildfire within my burning, dark soul. Nothing around me would ever compete again. Bizarre personalities were awakening within. Personalities that later in life would have me visiting a psychiatrist. I was encouraged to go by the people around me. But I refused to let it penetrate, for I knew who I was even if nobody else did. I would prevail and accelerate over their unimportant, boring, stagnating lives. I realize now that these personalities were the demons living inside of me. I welcomed them as my friends. Later in life I would have intercourse with the devil himself. I learned how to manipulate people very early in life, I had to. I could always make anyone believe what I had to make them believe. But the bottom line was, when you turn your back, I'll stab you in it. I also enjoyed wearing mother's clothes as well. Men's clothes were boring an unimaginative. I was a wild child who wanted to look outrageous and bright, even if I was filled with inner darkness and machine gun thoughts.

Sexual abnormalities were awakening. I liked to play under the table when mother had company, while the folks were playing cards, etc. I would crawl beneath the table to check out the tightly fitted panties and fantasize. Soon fantasy became reality. I got off sucking the crusty cunt scrapings of mother's panties and later, on my aunt's, for that matter, anywhere I would go. I would raid hampers, garbage cans, and toilets for panties, snot rags, piss, shit, bloody rags, etc. If female company came over I would always fix the toilet so it wouldn't flush. That way I could go in afterwards and feast on body fluids while jerking off. Later in life I would hang out at sleazy bars and bus stations collecting jars of piss and defecation for my sexual habits. I was always masturbating. All throughout my school years I had a constant erection. The first sex I had with another human was with brother. But later in life sexual confrontations with the smelliest of prostitutes, living and dead animals would prevail. I always felt like my parents must have found me on the ground somewhere and that the darkness of night came from an alien storm, leaving me from another galaxy on the back grounds of that broken down cabin...

CONCLUSION

My demons, inner strengths and physical battles have guided me through life. My demons and I are not compatible. We never have been and never will be. We invite you to danger, and possibly, DEATH. We want your blood, then we want you to vanish... I guess after all I must be my father's son, I am the second coming of Jesus Christ through aim and constant fire...

GG ALLIN

In 1954, 32 year old Merle Colby Allin of Groveton, New Hampshire married 20 year old Arleta Marie Gunther of Gilman, Vermont. He was a paper mill worker and she was just out of the grasp of an overprotective bitch of a mother, Emma Gunther. Emma's German husband, John Gunther died of a heart attack while Arleta was quite young. She also had a sister 10 years her elder named Arlene. Arleta was sheltered most of her life and wasn't allowed to date many men. She married Merle probably somewhat out of love, but GG thinks mainly to escape the reality she had been living.

In 1955 they had a son, Merle Colby Allin Junior, of course named after the man himself. Then one year later on August 29, 1956 at Weeks Memorial Hospital in Lancaster, New Hampshire, they had another son, an eight pound one-half ounce animal named Jesus Christ Allin.

They lived in an old broken down log cabin that had no running water in Northumberland, New Hampshire. Northumberland wasn't really like a town, but more like a place inbetween towns. Neighbours were few and far between. The water they got was from a well about four miles away. It was a very dark and primitive existence. Merle Sr. was a loner and liked living away from people. He was a man of many different moods. "He would often mention that he wanted to commit suicide with her and us kids. If she brought things home that she enjoyed, he would take them out in the yard and bury them. Another time when she would not have sex with him, he took the bed out on the front lawn and set it on fire". After dark he wouldn't turn the lights on, so once it got dark, it stayed dark until morning. And just like Emma, he did not want Arleta out of his sight. There was a lot of impact of GG from this time of his life. It was a very comfortable time for him. Throughout all of it what GG remembers is poverty, sickness, anger, despair, and also being very sick with asthma. Back then he hated his father and couldn't understand him at all, but nowadays GG feels that the man just had his ways and believes that he's a lot like him.

One day in 1961, just before his suicide plans were to take place, when GG was only five years old, Arleta took Merle Jr. and Jesus Christ to Lancaster while Merle Sr. was at work. They lived in a house that was owned by and on the same land as his grandmother Emma's house, so what Arleta so desperately wanted to escape from five years prior, she was not running back to in need.

"Emma made no secret about her hate for Merle, but then again Emma hated all of the men in my mother's early life. If they would come around she would chase them out swinging a rolling pin. She was a mean bitch. I hated her myself and I know she hated me. When my mother would go out we would always have to stay with her. She would always threaten me and Merle that she was going to lock us in the cellar with the rats. She was always hitting and threatening us. When my mother would finally get home I would run and grab her leg and start screaming, 'I hate that fucking old bitch, I can't stand her and I don't ever want to stay with her again'. But we were poor and there was really no other way. My mother was then building a hatred for her as well. So if we weren't battling Merle, it was Emma."

Eventually his parents divorced and on February 2, 1962, just before GG started school his mother changed his name to Kevin Michael Allin, at which it remains today. She understandably didn't figure that anybody would be able to comprehend Jesus Christ, although nowadays GG kinda wishes that she never would have changed it. They would remain on 15 Mechanic Street in Lancaster in Emma's house for the next several years.

Arleta got a job at a jewelry store and brought GG and Merle up herself. This was not an easy job but she worked hard at it to the best of her ability. Throughout all of this Arleta still did her share of running around. "The next guy I remember her being serious about was Wendall Hardy, another man Emma would eventually chase away. I remember him hiding under the bed one day when she came over. Wendall was also a bit like my father. One time he

took my mother and me out. They got into a fight and Wendall had a gun. He threatened to shoot us and started speeding upwards to 120 miles per hour. When we had to stop for a red light my mother grabbed me, flung open the door and we fled off.” Eventually Arleta broke off with Wendall, although he was persistent. Late one night he threw himself in the river by their house and went crawling to her bedroom window to beg her to take him back. GG doesn't know what the end result was to their relationship, but Wendall died a few years later.

GG's first years in school at Lancaster Elementary were real rough for him. He missed a lot of school because of his asthma, but even at that early of age he felt as if he just did not belong. He wasn't very popular and just didn't fit in with the rest of the kids. He's not sure if it was him or them, but he never did talk or play much ~~at all~~ and wasn't liked by the other students or teachers at all. GG hated school. He was always put into special classes which he got harassed about alot. Another problem that GG had and still has is with his bladder. One day he pissed his pants in class and his teacher made him stand in the corner, so he figured that the whole gig was just a bunch of bullshit. Being that this was a problem that he had no control over, it was a crock of shit and it shows the ignorance of some American school teachers.“ By the time I hit the third grade I would stay back a year. I was devastated to have to go back and do it all over again. It seemed like torture. Now Merle was two grades ahead of me.”

Their mother used to listen to music a lot when they were young so it was always around them. She was listening to stuff like Jerry Lee Lewis and Johnny Cash because that's what was happening in that time and place, so one day on his way home from school GG bought himself a Monkees record and joined a record club. Each week afterwards he would go back and get another album Some of the earliest albums he scored were by the likes of Paul Revere and the Raiders, The Beatles, The Rolling Stones and The Herman's Hermits. During this year of 1965 GG knew that this was for him, that this was what he wanted. At this point, even in the third grade he didn't care about anything but Rock and Roll. He would beg, borrow or steal to get records and rock magazines. He began beating on chairs as he set them up like drums to play along. “After my mother got sick of me breaking all the furniture in the house she bought me a cheap set of drums. I totally destroyed them within a month. I needed something durable, but I would have to continue beating on what I could.” His asthma was still very bad, but he would go to the doctor regularly for shots to control it. He finally made it through the third grade, not that he did any better than his previous year he was in it.

GG and Merle were fairly close then, but Merle was more into sports at the time. Music didn't enter his life until later, but GG would continue with a growing need for more and more rock and roll. At school there were a couple of other guys, Tom Stewart and Randy White (Shaker), who also shared in his enthusiasm. None of them had any equipment at that time, but they did hang out together. “I remember we all got bikes and started a gang called The Purple Spiders. In it was me, Merle, Tom, Randy, Gary and whoever else we chose to hang with. We used to chase around this kid named Brian Roy whom we all hated and beat the shit out of him when we caught him.” For the next few years their rock and roll feelings grew and eventually they got some cheap equipment. GG and Shaker played drums, so they became competitive. Tom played both guitar and bass although he was no good at either, but they didn't really care because they had the noise down. They did some jamming, but no bands came out of it yet.

GG also became sicker and would eventually have to go to a specialist in Burlington, Vermont for treatment. Here he started getting about eighteen shots per visit, so in order to shut him up and get him to go his mother would buy him any album that he wanted. Along with that GG would buy 45's with what little money ~~that~~ he had to help build up his rock and roll collection.

Living in Lancaster was not working out as the tension kept growing. His mother had to get away from Emma once again and GG along with Merle were also ready. GG's hate for

Emma never let up. "We used to throw choke cherries against her house to stain it and put nails under her tires so she would get a flat. Anything to torment the old bitch."

Arleta knew a couple in Lunenburg, Vermont, Joe and Val Forrest, that let them stay with them until they could find a place. GG was eleven years old now and going into the sixth grade. Joe and Val had a daughter in High School named Cathy. She had some records that turned GG on as she herself did. "I remember being sexually attracted to Cathy and also her mother. It was summertime, 1967. Seeing them in shorts and Joe did strange things to my hormones. I found myself taking trips to the bathroom to smell what I was wanting to touch. The smell of what was so tight to their crotches turned me on."

After a few months with the Forrests they moved into an apartment on Main Street in Lunenburg. Merle also attended his eighth grade at the same school. That year a guy by the name of Alan Chapple. Would move to Lunenburg from Connecticut and also attend the school. Al was also into rock and roll and was a guitar player. He lived about eight miles away from the Allins, so at that point nothing ever came of starting a band. Al had very long hair and then, GG was combing his hair to one side so it would hang in his eyes while the other side was short. Before he got back home he would comb his hair back so his mother wouldn't know, but as soon as he went back out, over it went.

School really sucked as usual for GG, but he got through it. One day he carved in his desk with a knife, Beatles over Jesus. His teacher caught him and told him that he was a disgrace, then off to the principle's office he went. But about halfway through the year another family moved from Connecticut to Lunenburg called the Kniffens. They lived right down the street from the Allins and had a son named David. This was to be the start of GG's first rock and roll band. "I met David in school. We were both in the seventh grade when I found out he played drums and that he had a set, he was an instant friend. But I thought to myself, why all these fucking drummers. But we became good friends. We were both about equal on drums, noisy and hard, so we set out to start a band, but we needed something more than two drummers. David told me of a guy he knew in Gilman named Dennis Silver, who was also a friend of Al's, so we called him up and he agreed to hitch-hike over and give it a go. Kniffen (what I called him) and I would agree to split the drumming and singing chores, so Dennis came up and that was it. It wasn't like we had a choice, and he could play enough chords to make it work. So we threw together a set. It was harsh, but it was intense; drums—guitar—vocals—it was as primitive as my upbringing."

Inbetween practice sets they would go into the Kniffen cellar and steal bottles of David's father's home brew. His father was really into home brew so the cellar was packed. They would also sit around and sniff airplane glue getting real fucked up and just banging away. "We even got a couple of gigs at the school and local halls. We were doing it, but I began to like the singing more than the drumming. I remember one night we played at a party at the school. They had the gym all decorated. I went out during one song and just destroyed all the decorations. The kids went crazy, we weren't great but we were aggressive. We drank, sniffed glue and kept playing whenever we could." This was "The Silver Band".

Arleta was now about 29 years old and was dating a few different guys, one of whom was a 20 year old named John Baird. GG remembers this being an intense relationship. The Baird boys: John, Kevin, Steve and Brian along with Tom Barrows were a notorious gang of hellraisers throughout that area. Old man Baird was a musician and they would throw big jam bashes at the Baird house, so GG and Merle would go to watch them play. GG was fascinated by the jam sessions, but he was equally fascinated by Lee Briggs and Sudan Roy, Kevin and Brian's girls. "There goes that feeling again, but my day would soon come."

Tom Barrows was dating a friend of GG's mother, Debbie Lewis, who would watch GG and Merle when Arleta and John would take off. "One night while Debbie was with us, she

and Tom had a fight. Tom came to the door and she wouldn't let him in. He was drunk and screaming, 'let me in you stupid fucking cunt'. The next thing I heard was breaking glass and Tom coming through. We locked the bathroom door as Tom was screaming, 'I'm going to kill you'. So we opened the window, jumped out and hid next door. By the time my mother and John got home there was blood all over the house. My mother ran to the neighbour's to use the phone and there we were." Not much became of the deal, Tom and John were best friends.

GG and Merle got along great with Tom and the Baird boys. "I liked their outlaw style. Another time Kevin came over to fight with John over something and John beat the shit out of him and threw him off the porch. That started a battle at the Baird house. Although my mother was not sure because of their age difference, they got married in Lancaster, New Hampshire."

They continued to live in the apartment and GG went through the sixth and seventh grades in Gilman still playing with Kniffen and Silver. In the seventh grade John and Arleta bought GG a snare drum to bang on. Also while in the seventh grade GG had sex for his first time. He was lying on his bed and started to him his mattress. He blew a load in his pants—he had fucked his bed. After this GG became a compulsive masturbator and still is one. At the end of the seventh grade his parents bought a house around five miles out of Littleton, New Hampshire by a restaurant called "The Lobster Tub". GG got himself a summer job there and began his eighth grade year in Littleton. Merle and Al Chapple were then sophomores in High School. The Junior High was in the same section as the High School, different building, but it was close enough.

Kevin Baird and Lee Briggs married shortly after John and Arleta ~~did~~ married and they all became friends again. Both of GG's parents worked at a shoe factory in Littleton so they would drive GG and Merle into Littleton every morning for school. They had a half an hour to kill before school so they would get dropped off at their Aunt Lee and Uncle Kevin's place to wait for school to begin. Being that their stepfather was ten years younger than their mother and only ten years older than themselves, and that Lee was married to John's younger brother, she was only about seven years older than GG. "This was the part of the day that I looked forward to. Every morning I would lock myself in the bathroom and go through the hamper and pull out every bra and pair of used panties I could find. Lee was so fucking sexy I thought. I would lick the crotches. I would put every pair in my mouth and cup it with a bra. The taste and smell was intense. After I would get off a couple of times, I would put them back and walk out like nothing. I did this every day, and every chance I could in school I was in the bathroom playing with myself."

GG shared a locker with Merle and Al that year. They would leave school early every day and go hang out on the street or at the record store. Sometimes GG would go into the gym shower room at school fully clothed, soak himself down, and then go to the principle and tell him that he was thrown in so he could leave. During the winter Al used to stay over at their house a lot. The Lobster Tub was closed also in the winter so the tree would break into the Tub and smoke dope. One night at home after GG's parents went to bed, they got into the booze. Al got real sick and passed out, so to revive him GG and Merle put him in a tub of cold water. "So I got through the eighth grade and got my fill of Lee's underwear drippings and beating off." This was 1969 and GG was 13 years old.

The three of them began to hitch-hike around a lot. It was the only way to get around in that area without a vehicle. "But we were 3 oddballs. There was nobody in Junior High that I wanted to hang out with, so I hung out with the older guys. On the weekends we would go to The Galleon, the downtown rock club, to check out the bands. Drink, get high and watch the bands. I think most people thought me very strange, I made myself very unapproachable. I wanted to make people wonder, I really didn't give a fuck to be like anyone else. I was something special. I was better than everyone. That's how I saw it, and they probably just said

“a freak”. That summer Merle and I worked at The Tub. Merle bought a motorcycle and we would go riding the backroads. ~~Merle~~ He had a girlfriend named Lucy Parker. I think she was Al's girl too, but for some reason Merle and Al always had the same girl. In the eighth grade they shared Joyce Smith, and Me? Well I was beating off 5-6 times a day, searching for panties in every home.”

After the summer his parents decided to sell the house and buy the house that they had previously lived in back in Lunenburg, Vermont. So back to Vermont they went. GG was about to start High School with Merle and Al then becoming Juniors. But now GG was back with the old gang; Kniffen, Silver, Burt, Dennis Merrill and Jim Penette. This was everyone he knew, and now he could get the band back together. At this time GG was listening to Grand Funk Railroad, The Stooges, Alice Cooper, The Doors, Black Sabbath and anything else obnoxiously loud and dangerous. This would be a hell of a year for GG because he was ready to challenge all of his curiosities and risks that had to be done. David Burt, who was now pretty much GG's best friend, was also hanging with them. With the cash that GG made from working at The Lobster Tub he bought himself his first drum set.

That year he went to Concord, Vermont High School which was about 10 miles away from home, so him and the rest of the gang would have to take the bus to school. But GG fucking hated school. He just never did fit in. He was different than the rest of the kids and was withdrawn in all of school. You've got to realize that this wasn't New York City, Los Angeles or Detroit, this was more of a hillbilly haven where the lifestyle was completely different than that of a large city. Most of these people married right out of High School and never knew or did anything else. They were also stuck there because they didn't have the money or the education to leave, so most of them planted their roots back into the same soil. GG was looking beyond that though, he knew that he didn't want to spend the rest of his life there, so because of this he hated these people. His teachers, classmates, and virtually everyone. He didn't want to be or end up to be like them. He wanted to be the complete opposite.

His hair was now quite long and he was so infatuated with his mother's and aunts undergarments that he started to wear women's clothing. “I used to wear my mother's clothes to school or go to the woman's section of the department store and have my parents buy me some. I remember wearing blouses, polka-dotted green and white stretch pants, white high heels, anything wild. Most of the guys in school hated me but I didn't give a fuck 'cause I hated them. One day during art class, Alan Burt, David's brother, was sitting behind me pulling my hair. After about the third time I remember getting up and grabbing him, throwing him over about three desks while screaming frantically how I hated all these motherfuckers until more teachers had to be called in to calm me down. This would happen a lot in class. I would take so much and then just go crazy screaming and swinging. I was either going to get the shit beat out of me or I was going to beat the shit out of them. I was not going to take any shit. I might have dressed like a bitch, but I could still fight like a man.”

GG's aggression soon got him kicked off the school bus but it was no big deal, they just started hitch-hiking to school and back. GG and Merle started to say fuck school, and not even bother to go most of the time. Their parents left for work before them, so they would get up and pretend that they were going and when their parents left for work they would say fuck it and go back to bed. “My sexual curiosity was growing also. I don't remember just how it started but soon Merle and I would be getting each other off sexually. Anytime nobody was home we would take turns giving each other handjobs. Often when Merle was getting me off I would suck on his toes. I like to have something in my mouth. So this would continue going on whenever we could get away with it.”

The days they did end up going to school started to become profitable for them. GG, Merle and David were starting to become great thieves. They would go to school and hang out

at the bottom of the hill where everyone would be smoking and take orders from the other kids. When the school bell would ring they would split and hitch-hike to Saint Johnsbury, Vermont and go shoplifting. They would steal clothes, records, radios, blacklights and anything else they could walk out with and they were getting good at it. They would usually keep the records for themselves, and sell everything else when school was over to the kids who had ordered. The shit that they didn't sell they would store up in the attic of their house, or take to Proijas Pawn Shop and sell it to them. They would even steal things from their mother and John that they thought they wouldn't miss. They were doing alright.

In school there was a girl that would always follow GG around and give him love notes. She was a sixth grader named Cindy Partridge. GG liked her because she was so young and figures that she liked him because he was so different. GG, Kniffen and Dennis still had the band going and they added Dennis Merrill on tambourine. Even though they still had no bass player, they were doing gigs at the High School and the Hall in Lunenburg. Whenever they would play Cindy would be there to watch them.

GG's quest for stealing is what was really growing in him then. They continued to skip school, and most of the times would walk the railroad tracks so not to be seen, but now besides the shoplifting they began breaking into cars, houses and camps. David had gotten a car so they started to become more mobile thieves. They used to go to a lot of concerts to steal out of all the cars in the parking lot. If the kids at school didn't buy it all, the pawn shop would. They were stealing so much that all of them, GG, Merle, David and also Al, had it made. Once in awhile they would have to go to school so that they would still remember that they existed but just as usual, GG fucking hated it. He was still spending a lot of time in the bathrooms relieving his erections, and when he was in class he was reading Creem Magazine. GG knew a few smart girls so he would get them to do his homework for him or he would copy someone's paper. GG knew how to read and write so he could get by, but he just didn't give a fuck about history or anything else they offered in school. He was interested in music, how he could steal to make money and also how he could change things. At this time GG was listening to bands like The Stooges, The New York Dolls, Wayne County and early Aerosmith. His only other interest included beating off. One day a teacher asked GG a question that he didn't know the answer to so GG threw his lunch at him, a peanut butter and jelly sandwich.

There was also another way that GG made a few extra bucks. "I remember babysitting for two young boys, the Johnsons' Bert and Marsh. Their mother was just divorced and she dated a lot. Another bitch I thought was hot. I didn't mind babysitting because it had so many benefits. First of all Marsh had a drum kit, so I would play em most of the time. Secondly I thought, more panties of their mother Betty and personally, I was sexually attracted to the young boys as well, they were pretty like their mother. Most people in town considered Betty a whore, but that only turned me on all the more. I remember teaching the boys a game. We would take all their mother's underwear out and I would tell them that I was going to wrestle with them and force them to suck their mother's panties. They thought it was gross, but I had a plan. Just before bed they would get into their underpants and then the game would begin. We would wrestle and I would let them win. They would put the panties in my mouth victoriously and it was such a sexual turn-on I would cum in my pants without them even knowing. When we were done I would take the panties for the rest of the night and force them to bed with Marsh's own BB gun. If they gave me a hard time, I shot BB's into their skin and they would go to bed crying. Then I would spend the rest of the night jerking off. I got paid for this."

One morning when GG and Merle stayed home from school, John and their mother came home early and caught them. GG figures that they started to get suspicious or were tipped off by someone. They were more than furious about it. Fortunately for GG, Merle was the first one out the door, so he's the one who got punched in the face by John. Arleta and John drove them

both back to school and they all had a meeting with the principle. He looked at GG and Merle and told them that they were pennies waiting for change; after they were all finished lecturing to them about all of the school bullshit of how important it is to have an education and all of that shit, the meeting ended and their parents left. GG and Merle were sent to class but they ended up walking the tracks all day. Their punishment the following weekend was a haircut. "How fucking stupid, what was that going to prove, but parents have this authority thing they use against us like telling us as long as we're living under their roof you go by our rules. My mother used to always tell me she would like to see me eat shit in Vietnam. My mother had a wild temper, Gunther's Bull if you will. When she got going, we all left the house, even John most the time."

Shortly after they were caught skipping school their mother found all of their stolen property in the attic. She was so upset that she called the cops on them and turned them in. Being underage the cops couldn't do much except release them back to their parent's custody. GG felt as if his whole world was falling apart, except that he still had the band. They continued to practice, drink and sniff glue and Kniffen's. Eventually they got a steady weekend gig at a restaurant in Gilman, but that didn't last too long. One night before they were supposed to play they all got drunk in Lunenburg. They never showed up and were fired. After that the band slowly aborted, Al was no going out with a different Cindy, Kniffen got some girl pregnant and David just drifted around town. "I was still committed to my masturbation. I thought who the fuck needs a girlfriend to bring you down or fuck up your rock and roll. I was getting off more than anyone. Who cared how. I could rub up against a telephone pole and cum. I was always sporting an erection in my skintight stretch pants."

GG was sick of Concord High and wanted out, so the following year he said fuck it and decided to go to White Mountain Regional High School in Whitefield, New Hampshire instead. Being from a town with no High School they had a choice and GG wanted to check out the much larger White Mountain Regional. All of his friends from back in Lancaster would be there also. Merle decided to stay at Concord while Al chose to switch to White Mountain also. GG's Uncle Bud would drive him to Dalton Hill every morning where he would catch the bus. Al's mother would drop him off there also. To get home they would both hitch-hike together.

That year would bring about many changes for GG. Although he and Merle lived in the same house and still had sex together, they were more distant than before and were hanging with different people. That year in school GG met back up with his old friend Tommy Stewart. By this time Tommy had a bass and could play it and he told GG that he knew a guy named Lloyd Bradford who played guitar in the Grand Funk Railroad style, so they decided to give it a shot. This was to become what GG calls his second rock and roll band. Lloyd had connections with someone who could get them in the basement of a church to practice, and they could lock their equipment in there also. So now after work GG would hitch-hike into Lancaster to rehearse till quite late, then hitch-hike back home to Lunenburg 10 miles away. By the time he got home he had just enough time to pass out, then get up in time to catch his uncle in the morning. Going to school was much better now for GG because he had something to look forward to afterwards. He also met a guy named Craig Williams in school and he, Craig and Al used to jam in the band room of the school. Eventually Craig found religion and GG just lost interest in him. "I did not want to hang out with no fucking holy roller." GG started hanging out with all of the guys who had dope. They would go out and get high during classes in the parking lot. "I smoked a lot of fuckin dope that year."

There was a girl that year by the name of Sue Hicks who liked both GG and Al. They used to call her Salty Sue. One day the two went to her locker and took everything out of it, ripped it up and threw it all away. Sue knew who did it so a little bit later she came up behind them, grabbed them by their hair and pulled them down the hall. "After that I punched her in the

fucking tit.”

GG was also in the school band that year, but that wasn't any big thrill. He just wanted school over with so he could start playing. They practiced around 3-4 nights a week. Lloyd was a loud guitarist, Tom was fair on bass and GG was the crazy man on the drums. They eventually called the band Flame, and started looking for gigs. Flame was much more intense than the Silver Band. David Tole was their roadie and the guy who would come up with the name GG. He remembered GG from the days when he was Jesus Christ. He used to call him GG—short for Jesus, so when they reunited at High School he started calling him GG again.

Al was still playing but for some reason they just couldn't get it together yet. Merle also bought a guitar and was playing a bit. He started catching on easily and was getting pretty good, fast, but for GG it was Flame. They got their first gig at Lancaster Elementary. For money David would take GG's cymbal and pass it around for change. If they got 20 bucks they were lucky, but they were playing what they wanted and they were getting high doing it. Flame broke up before the school year had ended. Lloyd started getting into religion and was losing interest. GG also refused to play with anyone who had anything to do with all the religious shit. GG got through the year with the change that he needed.

During the summer back in Vermont, GG and Merle began playing together for the first time. Al would join in as well with them. Merle and Al also started selling acid and were making pretty good money doing it. The three of them also began breaking into houses and camps again. They also hung out at the beach a lot that summer. Cindy Partridge would meet GG there while Cindy Rogers would meet Al there. They both began to get bored with their Cindy's, so one day they decided they would trade. They both set up dates with their Cindy's and then went on each other's date. They actually pulled it off and GG and Cindy Rogers became quite close for the following few years.

“Merle and I were hitching to concerts every weekend now. We would hitch to Boston, Rhode Island, Portland, Montreal or anywhere a band we liked was playing. We were into The New York Dolls, Aerosmith, Led Zeppelin, David Bowie, Mountain etc., but I think we saw Aerosmith the most. They were the local boys making it big, Alice Cooper was right up there also. We used to hitch to Montreal almost every weekend, often sleeping on the side of the road when we could not get rides.”

GG's first acid experience was also that summer. Merle and Al spiked his food one day and by the time he got home he was out of his fucking mind.

Merle was out of school now and was working at a shoe factory in Littleton. Al was a senior and GG a junior but this year would find them back in Concord and GG would get to see Sandy everyday once again. He would hitch-hike to school, hang out beforehand to get high, and then go to his classes. “Sandy was in the 7th grade, but I didn't give a fuck. I spent most of the time I could with her in the coat closet or anyplace else. Everyone probably thought I was a pervert but so what, I did what I wanted. My dressing became more outrageous. I did everything I possible could to go against the school system. I would skip classes, forge notes from teachers to get out of class, leave school early to go hang out at Hayden Singer's house and listen to CHOM FM in Montreal and smoke dope. Eventually I got kicked out of school for a few days for forgery.”

Al was now doing roadie work for a band called Fox from Berlin, New Hampshire. Fox and Oak were the two biggest local bands. Oak with Rick Pinette would further go on to a major label and score 2 Top 40 National hits. Al got GG a job with Fox in charge of setting up the drummer Don's drums. GG loved this because he got to do a lot of travelling on the weekends and a chance to play Don's drums with the band when he wasn't there. This way he got to meet a lot of people. One time they hang out with Buzzy Linehart who played once with Jimi Hendrix. They ate supper with him up in his hotel room. Hayden was with them and

ended up getting all pissed off because they kept telling Buzzy that Hayden was gay. They also got to meet John Lennon's band, Elephants Memory in a restaurant one night, but most of the time GG and Al would venture off to their own excitement when their work was done. "After a weekend in Berlin when Al had his aunt's volkswagen, we decided to gamble. We hit a long street with many stoplights. Al looked at me and me at him. I knew what he was thinking—russian roulette—go for it I said, he put it to the floor. It was do or die as we flew through every stop sign. If a car was to be coming we would take our chances with death. We took our risks."

Al graduated that year so GG was the only one left but the coming summer found GG in his third rock and roll band and this time the way they thought it was meant to be. It was GG, Merle and Al, now all they needed was a bass player to finish it up with. They went to a show in Lancaster one night and put the word out that they needed a bass player. Before the night was over they had one named Dennis Willett. Dennis was a drug dealer with polio. As long as he had a bass and four fingers, he was in, He was married and had a garage they could practice at in Jefferson, New Hampshire. It would mean a lot of hitch-hiking but they were committed to nothing but themselves, so hitch they would. After one rehearsal they decided it would work. GG and Al came up with the name Little Sister's Date—L.S.D.—because of their acid quest and their everlasting search for young girls. It was the perfect name, and now they were playing the music that they wanted to play. "We were in it for us. The first gig we ever got was at a street fair in Berlin opening for Fox. There were about 5000 fucking people there. We got up and played about 15 minutes and blew people away. They were not used to bands like us, freaky looking, obnoxious, breaking the rules kind of guys. We did and left the crowd in awe. Our first gig and we pulled it off our way. No selling out." But it wouldn't always be that easy. Because of their attitudes they didn't get many gigs.

The next gig they did do was in the park in Lunenburg. They caught a lot of shit for being too loud and were eventually shut down. They soon started breaking into the town hall and would just blow the place apart until the cops would arrive. Cindy Partridge let them play at the Partridge house once, but with her around it didn't amount to much.

Besides their music, they were also committed to their life of crime. ~~"Burt now had a car so it made breaking into camps easier."~~ One time we broke into a doctor's camp at Neil's Pond. We stole guns, a TV, stereo, LP's, anything we could get into the car. Someone spotted us and yelled. We jumped into the car and drove off. Burt's car was on empty for gas and we just hoped to get far enough away before we ran out. We eventually ran out in Gilman, Vermont. We took what we could out of the car, hid the rest then hitched home. We knew the cops would be looking for us and we were right. One night after supper the state troopers came knocking at my parent's door inquiring if we had known anything about an abandoned car, or a broken-into camp. Merle and I acted surprised and denied everything but they all knew we did it.

When we were bored we looked for excitement or someone to torture. One day when the paperboy came to the door with the paper we invited him in. The word around town was he told his parents that the Allin boys tried to give him drugs, so Merle, Al and I held him, pulled his pants off and threw him out the door in the road. He went running away, crying. We then hitched over to Al's. Within an hour there were cops, Al's parents, our parents and the paperboy's parents. We all hid in the house pretending not to be there, but they found us. We went out and took shit from them all. I swore at Al's mother and Gardner, Al's father yelled at me. "You don't talk that way around my wife." To that Al replied, "Why? I do!" Nobody pressed charges but by this time the cops and our parents were totally disgusted in us all. Al's mother didn't want us around him. We were beginning to make a lot of enemies in the community and surrounding communities."

It was now finally GG's last year of school. This year was probably the best year of all

for GG in school, but that's not saying much. He hung out with Sandy as much as he could and even got to go to her house a few times in North Concord, but her parents hated him. He was still hanging out at Hayden's house a lot also, but this year he was more into himself. He cut as many classes as he could get away with and still pass. Almost every day he would go home early to play his drums. Some classes he would just get up and walk out of and never go back. He didn't want anything to do with school. For the yearbook, instead of his picture was a photo of Keith Moon. When they took class pictures GG was down the road getting high. There was one picture in the yearbook of all the fuckups. They fooled the camera man into thinking that they were some kind of school group. When he went to take the picture they all held up vials of acid, pot, T.H.C., crossroads, rolling papers, whatever they had.

GG was also becoming very paranoid. He didn't want people to touch him or anything around him. "I was nervous. Tapping, drumming and not being able to focus my attention on anything. I used to eat with one fork only. If anyone fucked with it I would not eat anything. It was my fork. It was green with fungus, but it was mine. When I was done with it I would place it in a baggie, always the same one, and place it in the refrigerator. Nobody was to touch or wash it. If anything was opened, I wouldn't eat it. I practically lived on ritz crackers and tootsie rolls. I felt that someone was trying to poison or kill me I think. I didn't know, my thinking was I didn't know. My masturbation was fast and furious. I had more magazines under my mattress than the nearest porn store. When I'd beat off I fear the trailer was shaking. My mother caught me more than once. David Burt also caught Me and Merle in a bed getting off one day. He walked in, looked at us and in a hurry walked out. We didn't see too much of him for a while."

When he would go over to Sandy's house he would steal her and her sister Linda's panties to take home. Also at the Partridge house where five young girls lived he would find himself sneaking around stealing panties to take home and suck down. "I was now thinking of piss and shit. I thought somehow I could disconnect the back of the toilet and monitor who went in and then examine what was to be my sex lunch." His mind was wide open with possibilities.

Sandy and GG were the talk of the school, a senior with an eighth grader. His dressing also became more challenging to the school system. He was what he was and that was that. "I fuck everyone else."

He was now stealing albums in every store he went in, often right in front of his parents. Merle was still working at the shoe factory but keeping right up with GG on the stealing. Al was unemployed and sleeping all day. One weekend the three of them went out on a stealing spree. "It turned out Alan had stolen an LP, Rick Derringer—All American Boy, from our takings. Merle and I found out and confronted him. He denied it. We called him a fucking liar. This resulted in us not talking for awhile, but we got over it."

Little Sister's Date was now on its last leg. They kicked Dennis out of the band and Merle switched over to bass, so it was back to the three of them. They practiced at the town hall in Concord, Vermont. GG was about ready to get a new drum set. His parents took him over to Cotello's Music Store in Berlin to order it. They were going to practice that night but it was raining and icy on the way home from Berlin and John lost control of the car. They began spinning and hit another car with an intense impact. "The result was—one dead man in the other car, my mother broke her pelvis, I shattered my right arm and John escaped with scratches. My arm felt as if someone put a shotgun to my elbow and fired. The bones pushed right through the skin and blood was flowing out my arm like a faucet. We rushed via ambulance to the Berlin Hospital where I would spend the next 2 weeks going through 3 major surgeries. I would never be able to fully extend my arm again. My mother spent about 6 weeks in the hospital."

After GG was released the first thing he did was see if he could play his drums with the cast on and he could. Two weeks later he lost the feeling in his fingers from severe burns and he was back in the emergency room. It was keeping him out of school which was nearing finals and GG didn't know what the fuck was going on. It was hard enough for him to pay attention when he was there, so during the finals this year he was lost. "I remember Mr. Paige my English teacher. I looked at the rest and ripped it up in front of him and walked out and down the road. He was yelling to me out the window that I would not graduate. I turned around and tol him to fuck off. I was going to beat on my drums for awhile." They finally decided to give him another test because of the time he had missed. This one he passed. He couldn't wait to get the fuck out of school and start a full-time band. He didn't want anything to do with the school. No prom, no celebration, no nothing, just to get it on and get it over with. That's what happened and soon it was all over.

Things didn't get much easier for him after school. Now he was getting the pressures of working and that was not something that he wanted to do. Merle got fired from his job fort missing too many days. So they both sat at home, went out and got fucked up, hitched around to concerts and leeched off the folks. It didn't take long for John and their mother to pull the authority thing again; "If you don't work you can't live here." The two agreed to look for a job. They would get up early every morning to make it look good, then they would hitch over to Al's and spend the day at his house. When they would get back home they would tell their parents how hard they looked but that nobody was hiring. After a couple of months their lies burnt out and the parents weren't buying it anymore, so John started driving them around. Even then they managed to escape employment. They would go into a place and stand out of John's sign, wait 10-15 minutes then go out and tell them that they filled out applications.

There was a big show coming up in Lancaster and they were going. On the morning of the show they hitched over to St. Johnsbury to hang out and steal. On the way home Al had to stop by his house, which was also a trailer, to grab something. GG was pissed and wanted to get home so he kept on going up to Lunenburg with the ride while Al and Merle went over to Al's. They were to meet up later but next was tragedy. When Merle and Al walked into the trailer they discovered blood covering everything, but Al didn't want to think about it so they picked GG up and they went on to Lancaster. Later that night Al made a call to find out that his father had committed suicide. He shot himself in the head, apparently because his wife was cheating on him. GG couldn't believe it. "I know the man didn't like me, but still. I remember how he used to call me driftwood, no good driftwood. I had just seen him the day before and he seemed to be in a good mood. Al was quiet for a few days. Merle and I attended the wake with him in Groveton. I saw Al put a guitar pick in his hand and then we left."

Back at home the tension for GG and Merle to work was growing. They were told that if they didn't find a job within two weeks they would be thrown out, so they took all of the money they had saved and bought two greyhound tickets to Tampa, Florida. They didn't tell anyone, they just split. When they arrived in Tampa they called home, but even Florida hadn't changed the fact that they didn't want to work. They rented a cheap room for two weeks and just kicked around. After two weeks they were almost out of money so they decided to go back home, work for awhile if they had to and but out ads for a guitar player. Back in Lunenburg they put did ads in all of the music papers and record stores within 100 miles or so of them, but it was hard to find someone willing to risk it all for what they wanted. Both GG and Merle got jobs at Henschell Shoe Shop in Littleton. They used to catch a ride over with some others that worked there, and then would always hitch-hike home. They were in no big hurry to get home.

Then one day it happened. They got a call from a guy who lived in Berlin, New Hampshire named Jeff Penny. He was also unable to find anyone to play with, so they decided to meet him halfway between Lunenburg and Berlin in Jefferson, New Hampshire. They all hit

it off so they set up a rehearsal at the Lunenburg town hall. They knew that it was going to work from the first day, so they started writing songs and practicing covers by bands like The Stooges, The MC5, The Ramones, The Damned, Screaming Lord Sutch, early Kiss and shit like that. This would become Malpractice, the first band that GG would do travelling with. Merle and GG took out a loan and they bought an old Howard Johnson's bread truck with no heat. So now they had the band and the van but no gigs. They contacted every booking agent they could but nobody seemed interested in booking anything ~~original~~ RAW. They were persistent and finally auditioned for Ed Malhoit over the telephone. Ed was Aerosmith's early agent and he accepted to take them on. They started playing gigs and at all of them they got the same shit: you're too loud, play something we know, you're too fast, too weird. "I remember one high school we played at in New Hampshire where we were all stoned. We got up on stage, turned the amps to full throttle and just started screaming: fuck you cunts, fuck school, fuck authority, let's riot and played our nastiest set. The principle came up on stage to try and stop us but he stood there looking stupid because we kept right on playing. Jeff even gave him the finger to his face. The cops were then called in and we were forced to leave with only half of our promised pay."

After that Ed didn't want anything to do with them. They picked up another agent in Maine, so most of their following gigs were in Maine. They played in front of either fanatics or despisers, but what they needed was more equipment, they didn't have shit. For this they decided to pick up a fourth member. He didn't have to be good, but he had to have money and shortly afterwards they found Brian Demers. "We all hated him but we used him to buy us equipment. We told him if he wanted to be in the band it would cost him, and it did. After we got all the money out of him we needed we would torture him into quitting if we could. We would start sets without him to make him run up on stage and look stupid. We would try to leave him behind by leaving early and constantly rag on him in van but that fucker stayed it out, I had to give him credit."

Eventually they started getting some gigs, not with great pay, but enough pay. Both GG and Merle got fired from Henschell's shoe factory for missing too much work but they didn't give a fuck. They were away from home most of the time, making a little bit of money, while also getting high and drunk. They weren't the most popular band in the local scene, but by now they were known. Their motto was, "we'll never play, probably never get paid, but we'll never turn down", and now it was becoming a reality. Because of their non-conformity gigs started getting real hard to get, and money became even scarcer, but they still didn't turn anything down. One time they drove 8 hours to the tip of Maine, almost into Canada to do a show. Round trip cost them about \$150.00 in gas, and they nearly froze to death with no heat in the van. When they arrived at the club the owner threw them out after the soundcheck with no money. It was a big loss for them, but it wouldn't be their last. They lost 90 bucks on a gig at Copperfield's in New York City. Broke and discouraged with no booking agent they seemed to have burned all the bridges, but they did manage to swindle one more show out of an agent. They knew that it would be the last so they gave it a double shot. Nobody seemed to like them except two people in the crowd. Most of the crowd had left, but the two people who liked the show were two people who could help them out.

They were Joel Raymond and Peter Suyama. Both were starting an agency and record company called Fu-Angel production. They were working with DMZ, The Real Kids, Willie Alexander, Thundertrain, The Cars along with others. They said that they hadn't seen a crowd leave that fast since DMZ played, and for GG that was it. DMZ was GG's favourite Boston band. They continued writing to get set to record their first record, but just as before problems started to occur. GG and Merle wanted to write even harder shit. Their direction and especially GG's was the most destructive chaos they could create, but Jeff's writing didn't do anything for

GG. Needless to say the only record that they put out didn't truly represent their live shows. The record was more of a Jeff Penny record than a GG record. They continued to do a few more live shows around Boston with The Real Kids at the Rat, but that was it. GG and Merle were ready or nothing less than what they wanted.

GG was still with Sandy and both and Merle had to find work once again. GG found himself a job at Connors and Hoffman Shoe Factory while Merle got a job at McLures Honey Factory, both in Littleton. GG was disgusted with all kinds of the rock and roll politics and rather than give in he would just wait for his next attack. "For now I was busy licking Sandy's cunt and getting off. I was beating off as much as I was breathing."

His parents now sold the trailer and they moved to Lyndonville, Vermont. This would be their last move with the Allin Boys. After Sandy graduated they were going to get married and move to Manchester, New Hampshire, and now she was graduating. After graduation Sandy also got a job at Connors and Hoffman, but by now GG was just counting the days until he was fired. He would go in high all of the time and fuck up all of the boots. Instead of trying to repair and match them up, he would just throw them away and it was just a matter of time until it was traced back to him, but he didn't give a fuck.

GG and Sandy would drive home in an old junk truck that he and Merle owned and as soon as they hit the door it was down to GG's room for a 3-4 hour sex session. They did this every night. If they weren't getting off down in GG's room, it was in the car or over at Sandy's. "But at Sandy's it was harder. Her bitch of a mother would always send her little 10 year old sister Angie down, but we still got away with it. Plus I was sucking Angie's, Linda's, hers and her mom's panties. I was always cumming. And when I took Sandy home, I would still have enough left to jerk off and drive."

GG and Merle put out an ad in a Burlington paper for a guitarist. They had three songs written and they were ready to record them. It was then 1977-78. After waiting a while with no luck they got a friend of theirs, Peter Heneault, to play on the recording. Peter and Joel stuck with them to produce it. "What came out was one of the harshest, rawest records that I have ever heard. The songs were Bored To Death, Beat Beat Beat and One Man Army. We were now The Jabbers and I was changing my name back to GG." Subway News out of Boston said this of the recording: "This record is so raw you'll think your stereo is broken. It makes the Sex Pistols sounds smooth by comparison."

"After we did the recording we got a call from a guy named Zark Spleen from Burlington, Vermont, so off we ventured to Burlington. Spleen was quite an individual. He was a retard with dyslexia, but he could do the job so he was it. Merle didn't like him as much as I did, but I thought he was alright."

They also had an ad in the Boston Phoenix and from that they received a call from Boston to join a band. GG wasn't sure if he wanted to join a band or not but he and Merle decided to check it out. The band was called Thrills and consisted of Johnny Angel on guitar and Barb Kitson on vocals. They were looking for a bassist and a drummer. Johnny and his friend Bob McKenzie (Mackie), drove from Boston to Lyndonville, Vermont to audition them. Johnny was excited so he called Barb and they played for her over the telephone and they were hired. Their next step was to go to Boston to play in their studio. Barb was going to be in New York City for a few days so she told them that they could stay at her apartment, so off to Boston they went. Staying at Kitson's was great for GG. He took advantage of all of the soiled panties he could find and there were many to be found, but at rehearsal GG and John didn't get a long. "A very huge ego clash let's say and leave it at that." GG had his own way of doing things and that was how he wanted it done. He told Merle no way but Merle decided to join. "I just couldn't believe Merle was going to join another band. I thought he was just selling out and going the easy way. I was determined I was right." When Merle did split for Boston, GG decided that it

was time for his move. Zark was also willing to move, so he was in.

Sandy and GG went down to Manchester to find an apartment so that when they got married they could move right in. They found a place on 100 Brook Street and GG got a job in Bedford being a custodian at a nursing home. He was to start in two weeks. During the Malpractice days GG and Al Chapple grew apart, but now Al and David Wilson were also moving to Manchester, and Zark already had a place set up. Sandy stayed in Vermont to work while GG and Zark headed to Manchester to find a bass player. GG would travel back and forth on weekends to see Sandy, but living in the apartment alone was great for GG. They soon found a bass player from Nashua, New Hampshire named Jimmy Dufour. They got a place to practice over a store on Hanover Street. GG was still the drummer, but he was looking for someone to take over. After all those years of destroying drumkits and over-aggressive assaults from behind the set, he was ready to come out to the microphone. Most people thought he would be dangerous as a vocalist, he was dangerous enough behind the drums, but until they found a drummer he would carry it on.

On October 6, 1979 GG and Sandy were to be married. The night before the wedding they all decided to go out on a bash. His wedding party consisted of David Burt, best man, along with Alan Chapple, Hayden Singer and Dennis Merrill. Sandy had Cindy Partridge as her maid of honour along with Elaine Sorrell and another girl, but GG can't remember her name. They all went out to tear up the town for one last time. David Burt ended up getting arrested and woke up in the morning hungover as shit. GG had to bail the son of a bitch out of jail, but he got him out in time and the wedding went on. The reception was held at Sorrell's Dance Hall only because it was owned by the relatives of Sandy's, so it was free. Jeff Penny went and they ended up doing a Malpractice reunion set. At the end of the set GG whipped his drumsticks at the crowd and Dennis Merrill almost lost an eye. Sandy and GG hung out long enough to collect some cash and then they quietly snuck out and headed for Montreal on their honeymoon.

GG and Sandy had a Ford Comet that was a piece of shit, but it was enough to get them around. Things started fucking up right from the start for the two. Within the first month they were already fighting with their landlord. Zark, Jimmy and GG lost their practice space and drifted apart, and GG hated his fucking job. He earned only \$106.00 a week and Sandy was working at Manchester Music and made even less. So they were broke, GG was without a band and soon they would have no place to live. They had no bank account and little food, but they started to look for a new place to live and it was rough. They ended up moving into a one-room boarding house on Elm Street over Caesar's Pizza Pad. "Two people in one small room was a living hell. Probably more so for Sandy."

GG then put the three songs that he, Merle and Peter recorded as a three song extended play record on his own Blood records. To do this GG took out a loan. The record consisted of Peter on guitar, Merle on bass and GG playing the drums and doing all the vocals. So GG Allin and The Jabbers now had a record out, now all he needed was the Jabbers so he put ads out in all of the stores in search of a band. "A lot of people answered the ads but nobody I would even consider so I looked up Al Chapple and he was ready to do it. Then a fat young kid about 14 years old came by. His name was John Fortin. This is exactly what I wanted, raw aggression over talent. We could mold him. He was young and he was loud, and boy was he ugly. Then Rob Basso moved to Manchester from Clairmont, New Hampshire. I didn't like his style, he could play good lead, but I didn't like his style and I really didn't much like him, but he was all we had. I figured if we put John up louder it might balance out and besides and besides nobody else wanted to face the dangers of what we were going to do. We were going to get our revenge, that was my whole purpose with this band. Destruction, chaos, this was not going to be pretty. I didn't think long term, I thought this is it, right now. Let's bust down the fucking

walls and destroy these clubs and put rock and roll back in hell where it belongs.”

So they found a practice space to rehearse in. “Since Rob was basically the only one with money, he was elected to pay. He bitched but he had no choice. I think within the first month we tried out about 30 drummers. Either they couldn't play hard enough, fast enough or didn't have the true courage of our mission. The first steady drummer he had was Kevin Durand. Now we were ready to get something together. We started writing and doing a few covers. We practiced every fucking night, no matter what the band had to be before anything.”

Meanwhile GG and Sandy were hanging out in their room trying to tolerate each other. They would sit around, smoke dope and get off. Al and David would go over to visit alot and basically would just hang around and drink tremendous amounts of whiskey. They did this more when Sandy wasn't home, so when she would arrive, many times GG was blind drunk. He also used to hang out at The Merrimack Club a lot. That was their local hangout, mainly because it was the closest place around to get to.

One day GG bought a David Peel record at a local record store. He always dug his works on both Electra and Apple but on this album David's number was on the inside, so GG called him up to see if he wanted to do some shows with them and David agreed that it sounded interesting. GG told him that he would get back with him.

Merle was already playing with Thrills in Boston. They were doing a lot of shows opening for The Ramones, David Johansen, The Dead Boys along with other punk bands, so they were building up a big following. The Jabbers had yet to play out, but they were now ready to go. Merle got them on a weekend bill for one night with Thrills. It would be their first show and they were ready. “I don't remember exactly how we got there, we probably bribed some people to take some cars. We were the most unorganized band. Nobody knew what was going down or how we would get anywhere till the day of the show. Sometimes we made it and sometimes not, but we did make this this show. We were set to do two sets. We got up with one of our sloppiest, straightforward assaults. I jumped people, dove onto tables while guzzling vodka. The stage was unbelievably small for 5 guys, so occasionally with all the action amps got knocked over, cords came unplugged, lights got knocked out and a lot of shit got broken but we kept right with it. If John's amp fell over, he would just pick it up and kick back in. Perfection it was not, but people could not walk away unmoved one way or the other. This is the way it was, our rock and roll., my rock and roll. Whatever happens, happens. Who cares what anyone thinks.

After the show the talk around Boston was we were a band to check out. The Boston Phoenix called me “The Madman of Manchester” and “far away the most esteemed punk unit in all of New England.” They were booked next for some bullshit cover band club. If they hadn't been playing they probably would have never got in the door, but it was only five miles from town so they knew that they could at least get there. They were opening for a band. GG can't remember who it was, but he sure knows they regretted it. In time no band would ever let The Jabbers open a show. They just couldn't be followed, and a lot of times there wasn't much of a stage left. “When we got to the Club 28 we did a brief soundcheck. As soon as we started we were given shit about how loud we were. So I told Rob and John to turn up their amps up louder when we were set to play. Then we all proceeded backstage to consume alcohol and get high. I remember watching people enter the club and how I hated them all and what they stood for. But soon it would be time to confront them. Shove a bit of my reality in their oh so pretty faces. Then I heard the P.A... I was checking out all these prissy looking bitches sitting in the front tables. “Will you welcome GG Allin and The Jabbers.” After about 60 seconds our welcome would be worn out. The band rushed the stage and without any warning kicked into Bored to Death as I went out and wiped out the whole front row of tables. I was kicking 'em over, throwing drinks in their faces, blowing snot and snot out at them. I dove on tables in the

back wiping them out. I threw beer bottles as hard as I could at anyone. I've never seen people run so fast in my life, but the band played on. Right up until the time the electricity was cut and the cops came in to get us the hell out. After the music stopped I was still screaming: you fucking cunts, you pussies, fuck your phoney bullshit. The cops stayed until we left.

Our next gig was at a small club in downtown Manchester with another local band. ~~We played first as we could leave when we were done.~~ This was to be another short set. As we went on people were still paying to come in. The band fired up and I climbed up the P.A. stack and ambushed people as they were coming in and beating them up. By the second song I think the club was empty or hiding in the back. So we threw our stuff in someone's car and walked out. In and out and to the meat of it."

Their next show was an audition night on Monday at The Rat Club in Boston. They had a great P.A. system so they knew that they could play loud. Most of the audition nights can vary. A high percentage of the bands that would play on this night were unknown, so you never knew if anyone was going to show up or not. The Jabbers played somewhere in the middle of the evening after Ava Electrics. "Next we grabbed the stage and we were into it. John playing fiercely and I was hanging from the water pipes. People could not take their eyes off us. They also didn't get close. But the crowd was stung. Al was laying across a table playing on his back. We all did just what we wanted. We only played 10-15 minutes. We never gave anybody what they wanted. If the fucking Rat wanted us again, it would never be another Monday or Tuesday." About a week later they were informed that they could return to The Rat on a Thursday night so they booked a show for a couple weeks ahead.

At this point GG and Sandy had saved a little bit of money and they found a new place to live on Beech Street, not too far away from their previous. Sandy was also looking for a new job and started attending night college. GG was still a custodian at the nursing home. He used to hate some of the old people there. At work he was usually on speed and even at one point, if he couldn't get any speed he would not go to work. On this particular day he was not speeding and was in a bad fucking mood. "I was cleaning in a room with some nagging old lady who couldn't talk too well. After listening to her for too long I poured salt in her mouth to shut her up. I got the idea from Al. What was she going to do, she couldn't talk." So GG was working all day and then drinking and playing at night.

Their next show was at The Place in Manchester. It ended up pretty much like the Club 28 show. "I came out swinging. I mooned the crowd and told them to kiss my ass. Then I just attacked everyone. I was jerking and convulsing like an epileptic on speed. Bashing mic stands, breaking mics, the whole stage was in a chaos that was bleeding into the audience a state of panic." The police arrived at this show also. They told GG and the band that if they didn't leave they'd be arrested. A police report was written up stating that GG and The Jabber's days of playing in New Hampshire were numbered. Tension was also starting to build up in the band. GG believes that Al and Rob thought that he was going a bit too far, but they hung in there. Even their rehearsals were wild. GG just had this burning bolt of fire inside of him and sometimes there was no controlling it. One night at Cantones in Boston only 10 people showed up, but the size of the crowd didn't matter. "I still trashed the fucking place, maybe more so." The band hardly hung out together anymore unless if they were playing. John was now 15 and lucky that his mother let him play, if she was even aware of it. GG still hated Rob. Everytime he would stop by GG's, GG would hide and not answer the door, unless if he had booze or drugs, then GG could tolerate him.

Their next show was the Thursday night gig at The Rat, and it would be a big one for them. GG believes that they rented a van to get over there with. He was hanging out with Linda McDonald that night. They were sitting around at The Rat and she was buying shots of Jack Daniels for them, one right after the other. From a far table GG was watching the band set up

as he slopped down more Jack. By the time the band was ready to hit it GG was slurring his words, and when he stood up the Rat was spinning. "I remember someone getting me to the stage, then I was on my own. The band was playing but I couldn't tell what or remember the words. I went and grabbed the mike, started to sing and fell flat on my face on the floor. The band finished the set with Al and Rob singing. It was a fucking disaster in the eyes of my band." This didn't help the band tension that was already building. Every show was getting more and more out of hand and by now their rehearsals were their battle ground. It was almost every night that someone was fighting or beating the shit out of Rob. Al threw him over the drum set one night and soon after that Kevin quit the band, so they were back looking for a drummer. They ended up asking Merle's roommate Mackie, to do it. He was just getting out of Lou Miami and The Lyres, so he accepted.

Now they were also thinking about recording. David Peel agreed to put the album out on his Orange Records label, so they booked some studio time for a month or so in the future. They continued playing gigs in Connecticut and Boston, but things started to turn against them. Now they were on everyone's blacklist and the word around Boston was that they were too punk, too extreme, but GG still refused to change for anyone. At this point they could still get some shows there, but recording is what they really had on their minds. They went into North Country Sound Studio in Auburn, New Hampshire to lay down the tracks. Tom Bartlett was their engineer. They put down 10 songs including one song that Rob wrote and sang and two that Al wrote and sang. They were their live backup songs in case if something happened to GG at a show, or if he was late getting to a gig. They recorded the whole LP in two sessions. The Ava Electris went in and did a backup track, and they got David Peel up from New York City to do a gig with them at The Rat, so he did some backup tracks as well. So now their first LP was in the can, and it was time again to get back out and play some more gigs.

Their next show was scheduled for Lowell University in Lowell, Massachusetts. Willie, a friend of theirs had a van and decided to take them down. The Jabbers were opening up the show. Nobody there probably ever heard of them, but they soon would. There were a lot of people there, but everyone was just socializing. "When we took the stage I started screaming at them: you fucking motherfuckers, we're ready to play for you cunts, so pay attention. Then I pulled my pants down and started masturbating while the band went in to play. I then ran out and grabbed some chairs and was flinging them at the crowd. I told them I wanted to start a fucking riot. Then the students started taking chairs and bottles and throwing them at us. This is exactly what I wanted to create, danger and violence. By the time we were into our 3rd song I saw helmets and billy clubs rushing in. I'd never seen so many fucking cops. They rushed the stage and immediately shut us down. The entire hall was in destruction. For 10 short minutes we turned this party into a cop infested riot."

They were ordered to promptly leave town or be taken to jail, so they threw their shit in the van and took off. There was a frat party on campus with a lot of kegs of beer and dope and they couldn't see leaving town without getting their share of the action, so they decided fuck it. They hid the van, waited until all of the police had left and then snuck into the party. They all started getting drunker and louder when all of a sudden BANG! the door was kicked open and the boys in blue came rushing in. This time they were under arrest on four different criminal charges. These were criminal trespassing, indecent exposure, disorderly conduct and inciting a riot. They were all handcuffed and taken to jail except Al, who happened to be somewhere else when the police arrived. They were booked and bond was set at \$1,000.00 at 10%, so they all had come up with \$100.00 to be released. Some had the hundred and some didn't, and GG was one who didn't, so he spent the weekend in jail while Al and whoever else had bailed out called home and had money wired to them. They were released on Monday and court dates were set for the following month. Two of the charges were dropped, but the indecent exposure and

disorderly conduct charges stuck. Personally GG had no intentions of going back to court anyways.

Meanwhile back in Manchester GG and Sandy were now beginning to fight more often. The 100.00 bucks they used to bail him out of jail was money that they couldn't really afford. They were also having landlord problems once again, this time due to aggressive noise and the company GG would keep, so they were looking for another place to live. They soon found a new apartment up the road at 565 Beech Street, so off they moved again. GG was still working at the nursing home, mainly because his hours were flexible and he could get time off. Sandy had finished her college classes and was now working at the accounting firm of How, Riley and Howe making more money. She was also attending Cinderella Modeling School on Brook Street. Most of the time GG didn't know what was going on outside of the band, but he didn't know that their new apartment was perfect for him. "It was right across the street from Central High School, perfect. I would come home for lunch now everyday. I would drive home and stand in the window in front of the High School girls and beat off. This is an everyday thing now. I was also calling girls I knew and beating off over the phone, and at the nursing home I was beating off in the storeroom, but I always would save some for Sandy. I just could not stop beating off, it was compulsive."

Their next set of gigs would be four nights with The Lyres, Jeff (mono man) Conelly's new group. It was set up for two nights in Cambridge, ~~Vermont~~ Massachusetts, then two nights in Portland, Maine. Sandy and Al's girl, Paola, went to the Cambridge shows, even though GG never wanted Sandy to go. "The Cambridge shows went alright. I remember Rob fell off the stage and fucked up his back. There was also a lot of band bickering, but that was nothing new. The first night I was bashing myself around so hard onstage, I ended up going to the hospital emergency room. I had crushed a couple of nerves in my knee and cracked a bone. The doctor said I should cancel the next 3 shows, but I would not hear of it and the next 3 shows went on as planned." The following night they played again in Cambridge, then Sandy and Paola went back to Manchester, while The Jabbers and The Lyres headed for Portland.

"The first night in Portland sucked. Everyone in the band was fighting that night and our set just fell apart with Rob walking offstage halfway through." They had a room above the club so they all hung out and got drunk afterwards. GG met a guy named Jim Danger who was also a drummer. Soon he would become a roadie for The Jabbers, but only until the next drumming slot opener. "The second night was better. We bashed through another sloppy, but intense set." But that night the excitement started later. They had met a bunch of high school girls and invited them up to their room to party, so after the club had closed they all headed upstairs. They needed booze and nothing was open, so GG and Al went back downstairs, broke into the club and stole as many bottles of whiskey as they could carry. They took a fire extinguisher and start blowing it off all over the upstairs. John was trying to sleep, so they went into his room and started jumping on him telling him they were going to buttfuck him. They turned the whole place into fear.

The hotel and band manager then went up and threw them all out, so they headed back to New Hampshire with nothing good to say, and the inner anger of The Jabbers had more fuel added to the fire. Everywhere they would play, for one reason or another, they would get thrown out. Fistfights were breaking out onstage between band members during songs. Clubs all over New England were feeling the aftermath of their shows. Their chaos offstage was now becoming more of a reality. Everyone was hearing about The Jabbers, but the talk was not positive. At this point the band decided to take a break until the LP came out. They just couldn't stand to be around each other. They just couldn't stand to be around each other. They had started out battling their audiences, but now they were in their own personal battles.

At this point GG decided to cut the 3 songs of Rob's and Al's off of the album and

replace them with the Bored to Death, Beat Beat Beat, and One Man Army EP that the earlier Jabbers had recorded. GG also decided to call the album Always Was, Is, And Shall Be by GG Allin, not GG Allin and The Jabbers. Besides dropping the Jabbers name, he also dropped the Jabbers picture off of the LP and instead replaced it with just a photo of himself. The thing about all of this was that GG did ~~all of~~ this behind the band's back. "Call me an asshole if you will, but I called the shots and that was that." The band was waiting for the album to come out and GG didn't tell any of them what he had done until he had the LP in his hand. "Rob was the first to find out. He came over one night because he knew I had a copy. When he walked in I threw it at him. He checked it out and just kind of fell into a silent shock. I told him that if he wanted to quit the band to fucking quit, but this was the LP. He was pissed, but not enough to quit. He actually took it a lot easier than Al and John, and Mackie didn't care. Al and John did not talk to me for a long time, but they came to practice still. They took all of the GG Allin and The Jabbers posters and crossed out GG Allin and blackened over my face. So to piss them off even more, whenever we got a gig I would bill it as GG Allin only. So now it became GG Allin against The Jabbers on the same stage. When people went to see them they didn't know what to expect. Would they fight the crowd, fight each other, destroy the club or all three? No one knew and the band just went with it. Jim Danger was now working with them and he had a van. Jim also hated Rob so at practice he and GG would sit on the P.A. speaker and spit on him. If he would say anything about it they would pound on him.

"Our next gig was at CBGB's in New York City on a Tuesday night. We had to play first to a small crowd and it fucking sucked. We were all pissed. John threw his guitar on the floor at the end of the set almost busting it in two and gave everyone the finger. Fuck you NYC, you ain't shit. 15 years old but a lot of spunk." After the show GG and Jim went off to score some weed for the long ride home, then they loaded up the van and they all got stoned, unbelievably stoned. Jim was driving on the sidewalks of the Lower East Side of Manhattan trying to run people over. They were in hysterics yelling out of the window, "get the fuck out of our way or die!" Merle and his girlfriend was with them and they scared the shit out of them. They drove all night back to New Hampshire.

They continued to terrorize the club scene in New England, but gigs were getting harder to come by. At this time GG was trying to set them up with Genya Raven. She had her own record company and was looking for bands. GG sent her a copy of their album and she sent him back her telephone number. Cheetah Chrome, of the now-defunct Dead Boys, was also on her label. GG called her up and she told him that she was interesting in working with them. GG told her that he wanted to set up some shows with Cheetah, so she gave GG his number. When he called Cheetah, he told GG to set up some shows for them. He ended up getting them 3 shows together, 2 at The Rat in Boston on Thursday and Friday nights and 1 at The Living Room in Providence, Rhode Island on Saturday night. GG began calling Genya more frequently and she finally gave him her home phone number. He then started calling her late at night after Sandy had crashed out. Sometimes they would talk for hours about music, sex, drugs and whatever. During this GG would have copies of her albums in front of him and he would jerk off. She always used to tell GG that he gave good phone.

The Jabbers' practices had become more of a party than anything else. There were people hanging out that they didn't even know. They also fell so far behind on their rent that the manager kicked them out. Al moved into a house on the west side of Manchester with Linda McDonald and they got two more girls that they knew from Vermont to move upstairs. This way they basically had the whole house, so the band began practicing downstairs.

At this time John was going through a lot of shit with his mother. His parents were divorced and his father found out that he was in the band, so he threatened to take his mother to court for custody if John didn't quit the band, but he stuck it out as long as he could. "But John

and Al resented me. They thought I was an egotistical asshole. But what other band could they play in, after playing with me, your name was mud.”

For the Rat gigs they rented a van. Cheetah brought a bass player, a drummer and a chick backup singer who used to be in Debbie Harry's, Stilleto's. They were to use The Jabbers' equipment and stay with them in Manchester. They all met at the soundcheck. Gwen and Julie, a couple of girls GG met at one of their previous shows were there. They played The Rat at a packed house both nights. “The first night was fucking crazy. We played The Stooges' ‘I Wanna Be Your Dog’, and Cheetah jumped up to join us. Then we did Pills, by The New York Dolls. Whenever Julie was in the crowd and we did Pills, she would always come up and put a handful of pills in my mouth and I would swallow them. I didn't know what they were, but if they got me fucked up I didn't care.”

After the gig they all piled into the van and headed to Al's house. They stopped at an all night store to pick up some munchies and GG and Cheetah started throwing the food at each other. The next day they took Cheetah and his band around Manchester. They hung out on Elm Street at the arcades and just fucked off all day until it was time to go back to Boston. “The second night at The Rat was even better. We never played so well. We were hammering out, playing fiercely and intensely. I was everywhere. Jumping in the crowd, crawling above the crowd on the water pipes almost knocking myself unconscious. When we were done I crawled to the side of the stage. They wanted us to do an encore, but then again, we never got through a whole set either. But I was against it, leave 'em hanging I thought. Then someone came to the stage with a case of beer. It was ours for one more song; that persuaded me.”

That night both bands headed for Julie's Boston apartment. When they arrived Julie gave GG as much cocaine as he could possibly snort and all of the booze he could drink, and he was already fucked up before he got there. He walked into the bedroom and Gwen, a rather large girl, was fucking some guy, so GG stayed and watched. Julie then walked in and GG knew that she wanted to fuck him. Paola was very close to Sandy, so GG told Al to keep her out of the bedroom and stand watch. They all got naked and GG began eating Julie out. All of the coke and booze put an end to his erection, so there was no use in trying to fuck her. Everyone continued to get shitfaced and Cheetah and his band started fighting. Apparently Cheetah took all of the money that they made from the Rat gigs and blew it on drugs instead of paying his band. The next day his drummer quit and flew back to New York City as well until GG told him that he would play the drums. “He looked at me and said, ‘GG, you can't play fucking drums.’ I said, ‘Try me motherfucker, I can blow the doors off Blitz.’”

So off to Providence they went. They took Julie and Gwen with them while Paola went home. Julie ended up with Cheetah's bass player. “When we got there and set up, I got behind the drums and Mr. Chrome started out Sonic Reducer, an old Dead Boys classic. I was playing those drums like a wild motherfucker. Cheetah just turned around and couldn't fucking believe it. After the soundcheck he asked me if I wanted to move to N.Y.C. and join his band. It was tempting, but I declined.” Tonight GG would have his work cut out for him. He would be onstage for 4 sets, 2 singing with The Jabbers and 2 drumming with Cheetah. “The crowd went fucking crazy. They had not seen anything like this. The Jabbers and I did 2 of the wildest sets. We had the audience beat the shit out of some kid in a Lynyrd Skynyrd shirt and we tore the place apart. My sets with Cheetah were just as crazy.”

To end the show, GG and The Jabbers went out and jammed with Cheetah and his band. GG and Cheetah once again sand a version of The Stooges' I Wanna Be Your Dog, with their arms around each other. In the crowd that night was a guy who would later become known as Dick Urine. From this show on, Dick and his gang of rowdies, later to be known as the Goons, would become The Jabbers' faithful followers of destruction. At shows the Goons began tipping tables over and tearing up the clubs. They would also beat the shit out of GG, which is

what he wanted them to do. A couple of the most destructive Goons were Joe Kadory and Big Donny, an ex-police officer. After the show GG and Cheetah drank at the bar until it closed, then Cheetah and his band caught a train back to New York, while GG and The Jabbers headed back to New Hampshire. Back at home things were heating up at The Fortins and John was not allowed to do any more live shows with them or his father was going to court.

GG had written some more songs and was thinking about doing a 45 to follow up the album. He wanted to record this one in New York City with David Peel producing. He talked to Peel and he agreed to it. He mentioned to GG that he was going to be doing some recording in the near future with ex-MC5 guitarist Wayne Kramer. At the time Wayne was playing with ex-New York Dolls guitarist Johnny Thunders, in a band called Gang War. Being a firm admirer of both the MC5 and The New York Dolls, GG figured that he could maybe get Wayne and Johnny to do something with him. David mentioned to Wayne that when he came to New York, GG wanted him to do some studio work with him, and Wayne accepted for 50.00 dollars. This really blew GG's mind that for 50.00 dollars he was going to get the legendary Wayne Kramer in the studio with him. Then it hit GG that someone from Detroit had sent him ex-MC5 drummer, Dennis Thompson's telephone number. GG thought it would be great to get 2/5th's of the MC5 back together, so he called him up and Dennis agreed to do it for a one-way plane ticket. Peel set up the date for the studio time and it was a go.

GG had 3 songs written, Gimme Some Head, Dead or Alive, and Occupational Hazard. He, Al and Rob worked the songs out at Al's, then when the day arrived off to New York City they went. GG's not sure but he thinks that they took a bus. They met at David's, then he took them to the studio. Dennis was the first to arrive with his manager. GG didn't tell either Wayne or Dennis the band line-up, so neither knew that the other had worked together since the MC5 split up and Kramer went to prison for drugs. When Wayne and his wife arrived it was a joyous reunion. They all hung out for awhile and GG showed Wayne and Dennis the songs. Somebody went out and got some booze, then they were ready.

"It was a fucking natural. We laid it all down in just a couple of takes. Kramer just fired through the songs like he knew 'em for 10 years, and Dennis pounded away in the drum booth. I did the vocal tracks then we took a break to consume more alcohol. Wayne and I were getting pretty drunk. By the time we were ready to do the back-up vocals, Kramer and I were holding each other up while slurring out the sleazy fucking vocals to Gimme Some Head." The background vocals were off key and sloppy which added the finishing touches to this masterpiece. Wayne played all lead through Gimme Some Head, and very possibly the best lead he has ever played. GG re-mixed the recording back up in Boston. After they were finished in the studio they all piled in Wayne's big black limousine and headed down to Max's Kansas City where Helen Wheels and The Fast were playing. They were all let in for free on the guest list and drank for free on Wayne's tab. GG asked Wayne about Johnny, but he had nothing good to say about him. He told GG that Johnny was ripping him off, so he was looking to start his own band. They all crashed at Peel's that night and the next day GG, Al and Rob cruised back to their own stinking reality in New Hampshire.

Fortin and Mackie were now out of the band for good and Jim Danger was in Maine not to be found, so it was just the 3 of them. Rob told them that he had a couple of friends back home in Clairmont that might be interested, so he gave them a call and they drove up to check it out. They were brothers, Warren and Scott, but they would only last a couple of months. Their first gig they played was at a club in New Hampshire and they fucked the place up so bad that the club owners chased them out with a shotgun. The police arrived at the club also. Their next show was at Club 777 in New Hampshire and there were more cops everywhere. Soon after this the Liquor Commissioner of New Hampshire was threatening to pull club owners' liquor licenses if they let GG and The Jabbers play their club, so they were actually banned from the

state at this point. GG also received a letter from the Liquor Commission stating that he was an enemy of the state.

They got another gig at The Rat in Boston. Oedipus, the program director at WBCN radio station in Boston along with Public Image Limited drummer, Brian Brain were there. "We were doing our set and Brian would keep running in front of the stage and knocking all the mics over. He did this a few times. I also broke the water pipes by climbing on them, and a lot of The Rat's equipment got broken that night. At the end of the night Brian Brain had his nose broken and he were thrown out by the bouncers. But Oedipus liked what he saw, it was a fucking spectacle."

That week their 45 came out with Gimme Some Head and Dead or Alive on it. Occupational Hazard wasn't put on vinyl. Oedipus played the 45 on WBCN and said about GG, "a man not known for his subtlety." Magazines across the country such as Trouser Press, The Village Voice, Goldmine along with many others raved about the record.

Still the band was on the brink of destruction. GG hated Warren and Scott and the feelings were mutual. They thought GG was going too far and blamed him for the lack of shows, but GG stuck to his plans. He didn't give a fuck if they ever got another show, he was not going to compromise and he meant it. They did a few more shows and were thrown out, so both Warren and Scott quit the band. They found another guitar player in Chris Lamey, a red-headed kid GG had seen kicking around New Hampshire ever since he had moved there. Their next drummer was Steve K. He was always hanging out at shows being obnoxious, so when GG found out that he played drums he told him he was in the band. Steve just shook his head and that was it. Nobody liked Steve, including the band, but GG liked him and that was that. "He was a hell of a prankster and fun on road trips."

Al had moved out of the house that they were practicing in and was now living with Paola in the same apartment building as GG and Sandy were. Paola and Al fought all of the time, so she was over at GG and Sandy's a lot getting stoned with them. "One night he threw her out naked into the hallway and she came screaming knocking at our door to let her in." Sandy and Paola were starting to hate the band just like everybody else. GG and Al hardly hung out together anymore if they didn't have to, but they stuck it out for the band's sake, or what was left of it. They were on their last leg, now practicing in the basement of Chris's parents' house. Steve L. would never go to practices, he would just meet them at the gigs. The band and GG weren't going in the same direction. GG was wanting to go more and more on the edge to see just how far they could go, but the band wasn't ready to follow him that close, but that wouldn't stop GG. He even got a hand-written letter from the legendary rock and roller Kim Fowley saying that he liked GG's work and that he had a good future as a rock and roll extremist.

Meanwhile GG was advertising in Trouser Press magazine for Always Was, Is and Shall Be Album. Dick Urine, which he was not called yet, ordered the LP, and along with GG sent him a flyer and wrote on it stating that they will be playing Rhode Island in the near future and for him to bring his friends along so they can go nuts. The next show they played was in Rhode Island once again at The Living Room, but this time they were the headliners. Dick went out and told everyone what a great show GG puts on. He passed out flyers and got together a group of friends to go see the show. From this show on Dick would pass out flyers for all of the local shows that GG and The Jabbers would do.

The house was packed. The back-up band was The Fabulous Icons. They came out and did their thing, but not without absorbing some abuse. The crowd was throwing shit at them and were yelling for GG. As soon as GG hit the stage and grabbed the microphone, one of the Goons, Jack Cabarean hit GG dead in the forehead with an egg. GG was encouraging the crowd to throw beer or whatever they had at him. Above the stage was a metal bar that GG

used as a monkey bar while the audience dowsed him with beer. The crowd was buying drinks merely just to throw at him. The Goons brought eggs, jellybeans, penny rolls and maple syrup that they mixed half and half with beer inside of beer bottles. They covered GG and the crowd with this shit, nailing them with the jellybeans and dumping garbage on them. The show lasted 3 songs and then the plug was pulled. The Jabbers were bumming out about getting hit with so much shit, but GG was elated with the show. He ruled the crowd and the show, and at that time GG thought it was the best show they had ever done.

They did a show at the Media Workshop in Boston with Gang Green, The Freeze and The Fu's. "We were the first band on. We broke the whole fucking stage. At the set's end I was under the stage covered in blood. The other bands were all pissed because there was no stage left to play on."

The next show they played was at The Paradise in Boston, and the Goon Squad attended. The Paradise was one of the strictest clubs around Boston. It was one of those places where you would go to and watch the performance, clap a bit and that was it. When The Dictators played there people were getting tossed out for jumping in their seats and clapping. At 999, people dancing in the isles were getting tossed. They mainly booked only major acts, and not many local bands, but on this particular evening The Paradise was packed with local bands for the Counts Rock and Roll Spectacular, a battle of the bands kind of thing. GG asked Dick to come down to the show and to bring the Goons along with him. He put them on the guest list which became the Goons' greatest weapon. Whenever they would get into shit with club owners, they would tell them that they were with the band and to check the guest list.

The Goons had the front middle table next to the stage and directly behind them was a table full of WAAF disk jockeys. After the first song GG poured a beer over Dick's head. He then jumped onto Dick's back and told him to go backwards. GG and Dick slammed into the disk jockeys' table, spilling all of their drinks all over them except for one, so GG grabbed their drink and dumped it over their head. All of the disc jockeys were absolutely pissed about this. The Goons were dragging GG off of the stage and doing drop kicks into him. They also spit all over him and sprayed him with shaving cream. GG and Dick ended up doing a duet of I Wanna Be Your Dog. After the show GG thanked the Goons for coming down and told them that they were great. The bouncers at The Paradise were absolutely ecstatic when the Goons left. After the show the Goons left for Newport, Rhode Island and caught a Dead Boys show.

Along with the Paradise show, the only other club where Dick actively slammed GG was at The Blitz in Rhode Island, otherwise he was an observer. After so long he didn't have to bring people to do it, they started coming on their own. These were dangerous people, ones who wished that they were GG Allin.

One show at The Living Room, Joe Kadory knocked out a few people protecting a friend of his. Joe was six feet tall and a real good boxer. He went to the show with a guy named Johnny who was sort of a wimpy dude. Johnny sucker punched some guy and as he came after Johnny, he hid behind Joe. With very little discussion, Joe knocked the guy out. After he got up he went and got a bigger friend, and Joe knocked him out. This guy also found a bigger friend that slid down the wall like a cartoon character after he was also knocked out by Joe. The Goons were known as the biggest assholes in Rhode Island from that night on, and the show was memorable from all of the bleeding people. The Paradise owner asked them to bounce people out of the place and Big Donny was just winging people out of the door. Donny was six foot five and awfully brutal as well. The first show that Dick brought Donny to, Donny came up to Dick after five minutes and told him that he had already punched ten people in the face. Donny had come up and grabbed Joe by the throat after Joe had been piling on GG. The club owner went up to Dick and Donny and told them that if they don't break up all of the bullshit, that he was going to call the cops. Donny did it single-handedly in about five minutes. He was

just walking up to people, tapping them on the shoulder and knocking them out. Not only did things get broken at GG's shows in New England, but people also.

Joe beat the shit out of GG many times, and one of the next shows they played at Maverick's in downtown Boston was one of the worst beatings ever. Maverick's was a real dive, a pizza, taco, burrito place during the day, and a bar with shows at night. This was an abrasive night for GG. Glass was broken all over the club and GG was in it. Garbage barrels were tipped over and garbage was spread throughout the club and thrown at GG. Ketchup was squirted at GG and around the club. The place was completely trashed out by the night's end. GG was hanging from the electrical system and he ended up pulling down most of the wiring. The bar was completely destroyed. He received a bill from Maverick's after the show for about 2,800.00 dollars, which of course he never paid. It's believed that this was the last show that Maverick's put on. There were two 4-5 feet potted palm trees on each side of the stage. Joe completely uprooted one of them and whipped GG with it until it completely fell apart. He then threw that one down, uprooted the other one, and did the same with it. GG had large welts, ripped flesh and holes in his body. He laid in bed for 3 days after the show. "I was coming home from gigs covered in blood and filthy dirty. Sandy would not let me sleep with her, so I would fall down and sleep on the floor. I was at the point where I never showered anymore. Sandy would have to pay me if she wanted me to shower. I hated it. I was becoming a physical wreck."

GG eventually lost his job which added more pressure. Chris recorded 1 song with them, You Hate Me and I Hate You, then he quit the band. Things really seemed to be fucking up.

"We did another gig in Boston, I forget where. This gig I drank all night. Sandy came to this one. She couldn't stand to see me on stage. I came out and the crowd went wild. I was breaking bottles over people's heads, then I fell smashing my head full force against the floor. The crowd started kicking me and beating me. Sandy then jumped in swinging and yelling; get the fuck away from him. Sandy couldn't handle what was going on, and it would only get worse. We were thrown out of the club and that's the last time I can ever remember playing in Boston."

They had one more show set up at Ron's House of Punk in New Haven, Connecticut. It was a halloween holocaust show with four other bands. They talked Christ into doing this one last show with them. They rented a van and headed to New Haven. At the show was a bunch of rough ex-biker paraplegics along with active bikers. The club was located in a tough, shitty part of town. GG was in the van fucking with some chick while the owner of the club told the band that if they didn't go on then, that they wouldn't play at all or get paid. So the band started to jam with Dick doing the vocals. Halfway through the second song, Don't Talk To Me, Dick saw GG walking through the door, so he announced; here he is, GG Allin. Up to that point, everybody thought that Dick was GG. "I got onstage and went off. I pulled my pants down and started pissing on anyone I could hit. Then I worked myself into fits of convulsions, hacking on the crowd, telling the girls to suck my dick and going off on the crowd attacking anyone. Again, about halfway through the set, here come the pigs, full force. We were again thrown off the property."

Rob was getting nailed in the face with quarters that night. The crew loaded up the van as the band was in turmoil. Everyone was pissed at GG. "Rob was saying, 'Fucking GG, he's really gone too far, he's losing it.' Al was silent, but thinking the same thing. Chris just looked glad to have it all over with. So with enough tension to ignite a building, we climbed in the van. I was behind the driver's wheel. We started down the highway towards Manchester. The next thing I knew I could hear Rob crying and screaming, 'It's all your fucking fault GG, you fucked up everything,' then he grabbed me. I then let go of the wheel. Al was on the passenger side and he grabbed it and I turned around screaming, 'Don't you ever fucking grab me

motherfucker or I'll kill you.' I then ordered Chris to open the back door. Al had pulled the van to the side of the road. Then I beat the shit out of Ron and threw him out of the back of the van. We drove on. That's the last time in my life I ever saw Rob Basso."

Back at home Sandy wanted her and GG to go to a psychiatrist to see if they could save a crumbling marriage, but it was more than that. Nobody knew who GG was anymore and his non-conformity was growing wilder everyday. He was living a double life. He had so many different personalities and it was torturing everyone that was around him, who will it be today is what everyone thought, and Sandy just couldn't deal with it anymore. They went for a year or so, but the situation just became worse. When they first started going, GG wouldn't talk to the psychiatrist at all. He played mind games with GG, and after it really started to piss him off, he began yelling and arguing with him. He tried to tell GG that he wasn't really GG Allin, just like everyone else had done in the past. This just drove him deeper into himself. All everyone ever told him was that it was just a passing phase, but it wasn't, and GG was confused. First he was Jesus Christ Allin, then he was Kevin Allin, and in all reality he had always been GG Allin. He was trying to work a straight job, trying to be a married man, and deep inside he was GG Allin, but he just couldn't surface with all of this other shit going on. He used to sit and hold his head asking himself, "who am I, who am I," and one day he told himself, "I am who I am, GG Allin."

Although Al and Steve L. were not happy with what was going on, they still continued with the band. They picked up another guitarist named Steve Spindle, Steve S for short. He had always been a Jabbers fan, so he was glad to join and he played liked Fortin, with his gut.

Then Jeff Dahl, the former lead signer of the Angry Samoans, set them up with a show with his band at The A7 Club in New York City. The day they were set the leave, they were all supposed to meet at GG's place. They didn't know how they were supposed to get there, but eventually found a place that they could rent a van from. Their drummer, Steve L. never showed up, so they made some calls to track him down. They found out that he was in Dover, New Hampshire and that they would have to go pick him up,. This would put them 2 hours out of their way and they were pissed, but they had to do it. They loaded up the van and headed off to Dover to pick him up, then to Nashua, N.H. to pick up his drums. One more stop at the store for beer and they were off to the A7 Club. "It was a long six hour drive, so to amuse ourselves we got drunk, threw things out the windows at oncoming cars, mooned and stuck our dicks out the window and pissed." They arrived at the club around midnight. There were 5 other bands playing, so by the time they were set to go on they were completely burned out. "We fucking sucked. Steve's guitar amp was fucking up. Steve L. was out of time and I kept unplugging Alan. We fucking sucked and we didn't give a fuck, cause we were too pissed off."

They went to David Peel's after the show and slept all the next day. When they got up, they hung around Manhattan then did some recording at Peel's apartment. Their second night at The A7 was much better than the first. "But today we were ready with a vengeance. Tonight would be our fucking night. We ended up going onstage at about 5 in the morning, but we were fired up. We assaulted every motherfucker in the place. Al and Steve S were right out there on the attack. Steve L was bashing like he wanted to kill someone. The crowd made a circle and I spazzed out banging myself relentlessly on the floor and gashing myself with glass. I was spitting in everyone's face and slapping and punching others'. I grabbed some bitch, licked her face and then punched it. There was blood and fury as the crowd screamed for more or yelled, 'You fucking suck, we hate your fucking guts.' At the end of the set they knew they did what they wanted to do, so they headed back to New Hampshire.

Their next show was at The Merrimac Club in Manchester. It was the first New Hampshire gig in a long time and everyone was there, it was a packed house. "For once I felt this was the right band. This was the perfect noise behind me, intensely raw and brash. Steve L

played drums like no one we had yet. Usually at the set's end his drums were all over the stage." The New York Times had this to say about the show; "GG Allin was a horror show. Screaming obscenities at the audience. The band went into the most useless convulsions I have ever seen. The crowd spit on him and dragged him around like a piece of meat, and throughout it all Mr. Allin seemed oblivious. He was crawling around like a reptile out his lightless tunnel. Behind him the band fired off loud, dangerous, distorted noise while GG dove onto tables." Although the club owner made a lot of money, he called GG a worthless, gross pig. He didn't like them and they would never play there again.

"Our next show was Providence, Rhode Island, and at the end of the show the club owner said we did so much damage that we had to pay him. I remember all these big fucking bouncers standing in front of the door blocking us from leaving, so we all had to pitch in and bail out."

Then they played The Living Room in Providence again, and the owner told GG that he had the wrong attitude and that they would never play there again. Then it was Geno's in Boston, then The Channel in Boston, and everywhere the word was out that GG Allin and The Jabbers were more trouble than they were worth. They weren't the bad boys of rock and roll, they were the worst. Only a couple of times did they make it through a whole set, and GG's self destruction was increasing. The Crowds were rowdy and dangerous. "One night at a hall in R.I. we played with some straight-edge bands. The crowd ripped the stage apart, nails and all, and I was telling 'em to beat me with the nailed boards. They beat me bloody, but I didn't care. The more blood coming out, the more excited I got. All I had to do was get a tetanus shot the next day. The pain I welcomed."

The band stayed together although they had no more gigs and nobody was going to book them. They had burned out every possible bridge and fucked over everyone, but it wasn't over yet. As a matter of fact, for GG, it was only beginning.

GG and Sandy were still going to the psychiatrist, but by now he was mainly trying to dig deeper into GG's mind. GG refused to go anymore, although he believes that Sandy kept going on her own. A little after this they were back to where they started, broke, so they had to move back to Littleton to live rent-free upstairs from Arleta and John.

Before they left Manchester, GG got the band into the studio to record four songs. This was the No Rules, A Fuckup, New York City Tonight, and Up Against The Wall EP.

GG left and when Sandy finished up at Howe, Riley and Howe, she followed. They would never return to Manchester together again.

Although GG was now 3 hours away, the band was still on call back in Manchester.

Sandy got a job at another accounting firm and GG found one at a bakery. He hated the job, but at least it was money. For extra cash he would steal money out of the register as often as he could. He also had a key to the place so at night he would go in and steal food, so the job did have its benefits.

One day Sandy came home with a dog. GG was pissed, but he really didn't give a fuck one way or another because he hated the life he was living. In time GG would come to appreciate the dog. "One day when I came home from work I grabbed the dirtiest pair of Sandy's panties I could find and started jerking off. The dog came in and was all over me. I would beat him away but he would come right back. Then I went downstairs and got some honey, rubbed it on my dick and let the dog lick it off. I came instantly. Now I could suck panties and just lay back and let my dog give me head. We did it every day."

Despite everything, life in Littleton was boring. GG and Sandy would get stoned and get off all night. One day when GG was hanging out on the street, he met this kid who played guitar. He knew about GG and said he knew a guy who owned a music store that had his own studio. He told GG that he could get them some free studio time, so GG told him to check into

it. His name was Kevin Kelsie; aka Killer Kelsie. "Then I rushed home and grabbed my guitar and started writing. I wrote 5 songs; Drink, Fight and Fuck—Convulsions—Hard Candy Cock—Out For Blood and I Don't Give A Shit." GG met Kelsie the next day and he told GG that the guy would do it as long as he could play bass, so GG agreed. They did the sessions with GG playing the drums and decided to call the band The Scumfucs, considering that's what GG and Kelsie were anyway. GG would later put the 5 song EP out on Blood Records. GG and Kelsie hung out, stole beer and got drunk. They couldn't get any gigs, especially in that area, and they had no money to travel with, so The Scumfucs' future was bleak.

GG and Sandy were now getting into a lot of fights. He smashed his guitar all over the apartment in a rage. "I would have violent fits of breaking things and long depressions where I would not talk for days. I was losing my mind. I had to get the fuck out of this. One night I just told Sandy, "this is it, I want out," she agreed. She could have all the material possessions and I would take what money we had and my trunk. I didn't want anything. I sold all my records and everything I owned. No more ties to nothing. I was bursting out on a hell ride. Where it would take me I didn't know, but I was ready to take the trip."

Before he left Littleton, GG did one more session. He played drums on a record for Emily XYZ, a girl he met in Buffalo, New York, who was then living in Boston. They recorded in Maine and Willie Alexander produced it. GG got a chance to hang out for a few hours with Willie and his girlfriend, Billy Montgomery, who is now with Joe Perry. The session turned out on a 45 called Galileo under the name Stripsearch.

Paola told GG that he could stay with her until he found a place. GG and Sandy agreed to stay in contact to see if they could still work something out, so back to Manchester he went. He stayed with Paola for a couple of months while he looked for a job. He worked at a shoe factory for one day and quit. He couldn't find any work, and living with Paola wasn't working out. GG felt out of place there, it was too clean and he was a slob. "But at least I got to suck a few pairs of her panties."

Soon Al told GG that he could stay with him, but that he had to sleep on the floor. Al was living with some fat girl and her son at the time. He was working and GG found a job at Ferrettie's Bakery, so they would both get up in the morning and go to work, come home, and at night go out clubbing and fucking off. Dave, Guy and Zark would hang out with them alot. During his days off GG would find someone to go out drinking with. They would go off to the local pizza pad and drink pitchers of beer all day. Al used to make a big garbage can full of home brew, so they always had beer there to get drunk on. GG was still looking for a place of his own. He knew that he couldn't afford an apartment and he didn't have that much stuff anyway. Everything he had fit into a trunk, so inbetween GG and Al going out every night and working, GG would hit the downtown streets in search for a place to live. Finally he came across one. "It was small. Very fucking small in a downtown boarding house. I had to share a kitchen and bathroom, but who fucking cared, it was my space. The only time I ever would use the bathroom is if I had to shit. I was living on peanut butter sandwiches, and could piss in bottles and throw them out the window. I didn't need much space anyway, I only owned a couple pairs of pants and a shirt or two."

GG went out and found a different job at a laundry place. It was an easy but boring job, and it paid his rent. Also he could go in all hungover and do alright. He started drinking whiskey almost every day now, and him and Al would go out every night to clubs and drink. One night they went to The Place. It was under new management by then, so they could get back in. Some girl walked up to GG and asked him if he was GG Allin. "Who wants to know," GG replied. She said, "I do," and GG asked her why. "Because I want to buy you a drink," she said. "Then yes I am GG Allin and I'll take a double shot of whiskey on the rocks."

He went and joined her at her table where he drank for free all night. At the end of the

night she drove GG home, so he asked her to come over the following night and she accepted. Her name was Lisa Granoff. "The next night she came over. I don't think she quite expected to see such a dive. I could tell she came from a family with money, but there was my reality, like it or not. An open jar of peanut butter with a knife sticking out. A half opened loaf of 3-for-a-dollar bread. Posters covered my walls and a bottle of whiskey was always at hand."

GG was already drunk when she arrived. "There were no chairs so she sat on the floor." After awhile she told GG that she had to go out and take care of something and that she would return. GG thought to himself, "right, this girl ain't ever coming back," but about an hour later and GG being quite a bit drunker, there was a knock on the door. GG opened it up and there was Lisa with her arms full of hot Chinese food. "I ate like a fucking cannibal I was so hungry." She started doing this for him almost every night. One night she asked him if he would go out with her and her girlfriends. He figured why not, so they all went to The Place. It was GG and about 5 girls, all but one of whom hated him. "But I was being quite obnoxious. I drank double whiskeys, one right after the other. The drunker I got, the louder and more obnoxious I became."

The club owner told GG that he would have to leave if he couldn't control himself, but GG ignored him and kept right on with it. Lisa was a regular at The Place, so she knew most of the people in the club and they were all disgusted with her for hanging out with GG. He got up to take a piss and never returned back to the table. 20 minutes went by, then Lisa and one of her friends went looking for him. As they looked around the corner in the Men's Room, they saw one of GG's black cowboy boots. They looked in further and there was GG, passed out cold on the floor. Lisa and her friends drug him out to Lisa's car. He couldn't even talk. She got GG back to his place and he managed to crawl up the stairs to his room and fall onto his mattress.

When he woke up the next day he realized that he was supposed to be going to Boston to record with Tommy Doyle and the rest of The Scumfucs. He dragged himself up and ran to the bus station that was just up the street. He called Tommy up and told him that he would meet him at the trailways in a couple of hours. When he got there, Tommy was waiting. He told GG that he had some interview set up at a college radio station, so they went there first. After that they went to South Boston to record. Some of The Scumfucs were already there, and alot of people that GG didn't even know. They put together and recorded five songs in a couple of days. These were Cock on the Loose, Fuckin' the Dog, Clit Licker, Blowjob and God of Fire in Hell. GG decided to take those songs and the ones he and The Scumfucs had recorded up in Littleton and release his second album. This time not on Peel's Orange Records, but on his own Blood Records. He sent the tapes out to be pressed.

So back to Manchester GG went. Lisa was still visiting him at night, but he started hanging out with a guy named Tim who used to go see him play all the time. Lisa was cool, but GG told her that he didn't want her coming over every night. He didn't tell her that the reason was so he could go whoring around. There was a club called The Casbah where he started hanging out. Alot of bands he knew from Boston used to go up and play there.

Even though he was more interested in The Scumfucs' LP then, The Jabbers never really broke up. But now Steve L. was off in college at the University of New Hampshire and a guy named Mike was drumming with Al and Steve S. Mike had a place to practice so GG and The Jabbers stayed at it for something to do. At this point GG was playing with anyone, he gave up on names. He was GG Allin and only interested in himself. "People would come and go for me to use as my background for my rock and roll destruction."

GG and Al were still hanging out alot together. Al was on and off with Paola, and GG was ready for anything. They went to The Casbah one night and GG ended up taking some bitch named Tammy back to his room and fucking the shit out of her. After that she became a pest. GG only wanted someone around when he wanted to be with them. He and Tim made

plans one night to go to a party at N.H. College, but before Tim came by to pick GG up, Tammy stopped by uninvited. GG told her that he was going to a party with Tim and that she should try back later, but she just wouldn't leave. He told her again to leave and to come back later. "She began taking her shirt off. Then her pants. She was standing in front of me in her panties, but I was ready to leave. I told her she had exactly 2 minutes to get dressed and out the door or I would throw her out. She still refused, I guess she was testing me. But I guess she didn't know that I was the tester, not the testee. When her 2 minutes were up I grabbed her by the hair, dragged her down the hall and threw her down a flight of stairs, through the door and out into the snow. Then I went back in my room and threw her clothes out the window." Tim showed up and they went to the party.

GG and Lisa were still hanging out. Even though GG hated the club, one night they went back to The Place along with all of her friends. He figured that it was something to do anyway. At the end of the night Lisa's friends were all going out to eat at Howard Johnson's, so they asked Lisa if she wanted to join them. Lisa asked GG, although he doesn't believe he was invited, but if Lisa was going, "then fuck it, so was I." They got a table for 8 when they arrived. GG was sitting beside Lisa and could hear them all talking about him. Lisa could also hear them and she sensed that GG knew. They were talking about what a scumbag GG was and as they kept it up, he became as fire that was ready to ignite and Lisa knew it. Under the table she began feeling GG shake with anger, so she told her friends to shut the fuck up. Then one of the guys said, "Lisa, you can do alot better than that," and at that point GG jumped up, threw his food across the table at everyone and started screaming and swinging at the guy. The guy jumped up and they started punching the shit out of each other. Everyone at the other tables started leaving. The manager came over to break them up and then they all left. Out in the parking lot the asshole tried to make up with GG, so GG spit on him then he and Lisa drove off.

Soon he started staying at Lisa's apartment, and every once in a while she would drive him to work. "One morning I remember fucking around with some handcuffs she had. I wrestled her down and handcuffed her to the bed. She was yelling at me to get the fucking cuffs off her. I ignored her and went out to the kitchen to make some breakfast. She was still yelling and screaming, but I was ignoring her. Then she quieted down, probably thinking I would have to let her out soon because I would have to go to work. Then I walked in the bedroom and took her keys and said, 'I'll see you later.' She just looked at me and said, 'You son of a bitch you better let me up out of this fucking bed.' I smiled at her with an evil smile, walked out of the bedroom and shut the door. Then I went out and got in her car and drove to work. 8 hours later I returned. Because of this Lisa didn't speak with me for a few days, but she eventually came around."

Linda McDonald and Jimmy went over to GG's one night with a girl named Jean—a skinny, wired-out coke junkie with red hair. They all went out drinking at some sidestreet bar and Jean was loud and crazy. GG liked her right off, so now between Lisa and whomever, Jean would also visit GG. She would always go over all wired-out from shooting up all day. GG asked her if he could go along with her the next time she went out to get high. He never used needles, but he was now ready to indulge. She told GG that she would come by the next day and they would go over to her girlfriend Angie's house and get high. The next day she picked GG up and they headed over to Angie's. When they arrived she loaded up the works. GG held out his arm and Angie stuck the spike into his vein. "I was fucking high before the needle was pulled out. I could feel it all through my body. My teeth started clicking and my head was echoing everything loudly. I was alive. This was the best fucking high yet. Better than sex I thought." So Jean, GG and Angie hung out and shot coke all day. GG was so fucking wired he didn't want to stop, but when the coke ran out he and Jean split back to his place. He told Jean

that he wanted to get high again the next day, so they did it again. This was something GG could begin to lose control over real fast. Jean told him to take it slow, she could see his love for the needle in his eyes, but all he wanted to do was spike it up, puke and never stop.

Inbetween getting high with Jean, Lisa was still hanging out and GG was still rehearsing with The Jabbers. Linda was having a party one night for Jimmy and she rented a small club downstairs from the room GG was living in. She wanted The Jabbers to play so they did; halfway through their set GG got in a fistfight with Jimmy. "Then I threw my microphone down and ran out the front door of the club and up to my room. I didn't let anyone in and refused to go out of my room. Then there was a knock on the door.

I screamed, 'Get the fuck out of here!'

A girl's voice said, 'I've got something for you.'

I screamed, 'What, and who the fuck are you?!'

'My name is Michele, a friend of Dave Wilson's.'

'Well what do you want?'

'I've got some coke for you if you want it.'

I immediately opened the door. We snorted up about a ½ gram and she then convinced me to come back down and finish our set. So we went back down to the party."

Around this time The Scumfucs LP was released. It was called Eat My Fuc. It got mixed reviews around the country. Some thought it was complete garbage, and others thought it was a masterpiece. What it was and still is, is the bible of porno punk. This album would pave the path for all others to follow, but nobody would be able to outleaze this for honesty and originality. The cover had a hand-drawn picture of an erect cock spurting cum, some that were even traced from GG's own dick. Alot of record stores and distributors refused to carry it, and no radio stations would play it. Despite this GG didn't give a fuck, this was the LP and there would be no altering it.

He was now juggling time between Lisa and Jean. He would stay at Lisa's most of the time when they hung out together. She had more food, and when she didn't they would just go to her mother's house and steal some. Her mother was a school teacher and had some money, so GG thought, "fuck it, I'll steal from her." Then when he wanted to get high he would call Jean, and he liked hanging out with Jean more than anyone. She was a junkie, a lesbian and almost as obnoxious as GG was.

They went to a party at Jimmy's one night and Jean told Jimmy that her and GG were going into his room and lock the door and that they didn't want to be disturbed. "We took off all of our clothes and began wrestling. Then it started to become a major brawl. This bitch was wiry, but she was tough. We beat the shit out of each other. I would pin her and stick my dick in her cunt and try to get off, then she would punch me off her. We smashed up the whole room. We broke the stereo, pictures were falling off the walls, glass was broken everywhere. We were throwing each other around like we were going mad, then I finally got her down and she let me fuck her. I got off, she got off, then we dressed. When we opened the door and walked out of the room, Jean walked over to Jimmy and handed him 200 bucks. She said, 'Here, this ought to cover the damages,' and then we disappeared into the night."

The word was out that The Casbah Club was doing an all-ages show with the English band GBH. The manager of the club asked GG and The Jabbers to open considering no alcohol would be served and the Liquor Commission could have no say in it. They took the gig with The Abortion Squad opening up the show. This was Pat Landry's band, once a GG Allin and The Jabbers follower turned rival. This was their only New England appearance, so GG knew people from all over town would be there.

GG and The Jabbers began practicing every night. On the nights that GG wouldn't make it, Al would sing to keep it all together, although he didn't miss many of them. He liked going

alot more now because Mike their drummer was dealing crystal speed and would throw out lines quite regularly. One night GG and Mike got so stoned they couldn't even practice, they just couldn't get anything together. Al and Steve would get pissed but GG didn't care. Chris, the redhead who quit The Jabbers asked if he could join them for the show so they let him. That way if one guy got fucked up, the other could cover for him, but to GG that was the band's problem They would have to follow him and GG was only interested in what was in front of him.

The night before the gig was chaos because everyone started piling into town. GG got a case of beer and invited some people over to his room to get drunk. He was up all night with whomever was left in his room, and the next day everyone came over again. His room was crowded with 3 people in it because of its size and that day there were around 20 people there, some GG knew and some he didn't. If they didn't have drugs, he kicked them out. Only people he could get something out of could stay.

After a bit the band arrived to pick GG up in Mike's van, so everyone left and headed for the club. Both Lisa and Jean would be there, so GG would decide later who he would go home with, as long as he didn't pick someone else to go home with, as long as he didn't pick someone else to go home with. He ended up pretty much ignoring both of them the whole evening. When he was playing, he didn't want anyone around him unless he said so.

"The club started filling up early and like expected it was a sellout show. The Abortion Squad hit the stage and played a tight but typical hardcore thrash set as we all sat in the dressing room waiting and drinking. When The Abortion Squad was finished Tim and a couple others went out to set up our gear. We were ready, then over the loudspeaker I heard, 'New England's premier punk rock band, the scum of the earth, GG Allin!' The band hit the stage before me and the sold out crowd waited in anticipation to see the guy they've heard so much about. I then staggered out to the mic in an arrogant style not acknowledging anything and began working myself into a manic frenzy, screaming, jolting, unzipping my pants and teasing the crowd. Bodies began flying everywhere. I was the human snakeman squirming all over the stage. I would taunt the crowd then attack them. I grabbed some little girl in the front row and pulled her on the stage and ripped her shirt off. I was kicking, clawing and biting myself till I would bleed and the band was never more on top of it. 15 minutes of intensity then we walked off letting everything feed back. The stage looked like the aftermath of a battle as the crowd screamed for more. But we never went back out, leave 'em wanting was my philosophy."

Then GBH went on and did their thing. GG was sitting backstage when a girl walked in and asked him if he wanted to go do some cocaine with her, so they both went out to her car. Her name was Janie Jones, a girl from Nashua, New Hampshire. GG invited her to the party they were having at Mike's afterwards but she told him that she had to get her parents' car back soon and that she was also with some other people. When they were through they headed back into the club. Inside they were all over each other. Because he completely blew them off, both Lisa and Jean were wanting to kill him be believes; but he would take care of them later. He was in the grip of a ripe young teenager and was taking full advantage of it. When the show was over she slipped him her phone number and she was gone, but he still had the whole night ahead of him.

After the show GG hung out at the bar and drank with GBH. GG invited them all to Mike's party and they accepted. Lisa and Jean were both also going, so GG told Lisa to meet him there because he wanted to ride with Jean to see if she had any drugs. She didn't, but he went with her anyway. So they all loaded out of the Casbah and headed over to Mike's for more decadence. Over at Mike's the house was crowded. People upstairs, downstairs, out in the yard and everywhere. "Jean and I decided to go to a graveyard before we arrived. We drove in deep and partied between some gravestones while Jean then proceeded to give me head. After I

came we left and went to the party.”

When they arrived they wasted no time in consuming as much alcohol as they could get their hands on. After awhile they went upstairs to the bathroom and went at another vicious fighting spell again. “We were beating the shit out of each other on the floor. If anyone had to piss they would have to step over us. Soon we flung each other around so violently we flew out the door and rolled down a whole flight of stairs. Everyone just looked at us in total disgust. Lisa was there to witness the whole event. Then I got up and walked into the kitchen where Colin was standing (lead singer of GBH), grabbed his head and gave him a big wet kiss on his lips and told him it was a pleasure to play with his band. Then we split.” Where they went after that GG will never know.

Some reviews of the show were: “Seeing GG Allin for the first time is one of those unforgettable moments. Just like your first ejaculation.”—The Suburban Voice. “GG Allin is a primal screamer and wildman.”—Take It Mag. Boston. “The set was filled with danger and high-tension abuse.”—Derry Newspaper, New Hampshire.

People were again talking about GG Allin but it was basically the end of the road for The Jabbers. They weren't billed as The Jabbers anymore, just GG Allin, and GG was leaning more towards his new Scumfucs material and searching for a new band. Besides all of this, The Jabbers would play one last show.

Meanwhile back at his room on Sunday, GG was facing the fact that he would be back at work on Monday. He still hated it, but if he wanted to keep his room he would have to get through it. On Sunday he sat alone in his room, sipping Jim Beam and thinking to himself, “Who was this Jamie Jones girl, what was Lisa thinking, why was Jean not here and who was the girl whose shirt I forced off at the show? So much was racing in my mind. What was the future of the band?”

A few weeks later someone again rented the hall downstairs of his building. They wanted to put on a show with GG and The Jabbers, The Abortion Squad, and The Illegitimate Children with GG headlining the show. The band showed up about midnight. “We did another set of destruction, but this time it all fell apart. I was off the stage more than I was on, trying to pick fights with the crowd. The band could not follow me. I was missing lines and not getting back to the mic on time. The band was not together and it all broke out into just sheer noise. I couldn't tell what was going on and I didn't care. My face was bleeding and my pants were ripped completely off. At the end of the set the band packed up disgustedly. They were sick of me and all my unpredictable actions. That was to be our final gig.”

“GG Allin and The Jabbers—The End of the Road.” That was the headline of an article written in the Derry News the following day. There were quotes from all of The Jabbers saying that GG was going too far over the edge and that nobody in the band could deal with it anymore. They were sick of the whole carnival of events.

After the show GG stuck around the hall to talk to some girls. There were a few girls at a table, one who was talking in sign language. She was young and cute, so GG went over to talk. She started using her hands and GG asked one of the other girls what she was doing. She told GG that her girlfriend was deaf and dumb. “Right,” said GG as he was sucking on his beer. The girl then broke out and told him that she was just fucking around. She asked GG if he remembered her, but he didn't. She informed him that she was the girl whose shirt he ripped off at the GBH show. “Oh that was you, nice tits you got.” So GG hung around until they were ready to leave, then he followed her out and asked her for her phone number. She handed him a piece of paper and sped on down the road. Her name was Tracy and their relationship would last for years to come. “Well, I thought, I'm getting alot of numbers.”

The following day GG called up Janie in Nashua to see if she wanted to go over and spend the weekend with him. She told him that she would.

He was still seeing Jean when he wanted to shoot up and a lot of the time he was still staying at Lisa's. No matter how bad he fucked over Lisa, she still seemed to be there, but he was getting tired of her. She was too concerned about what people thought. She also didn't want her parents to find out about him so they would always have to hide from them. Eventually he told her that he didn't want to see her as much and that he was going to see a lot of other girls whenever he could and that was it. She could either take it or leave it, and soon she would leave it.

By that time Tracy and her friend Robin were coming around. "I thought Tracy was cool. She was a teenage drunken little conniving bitch. I liked that girl, as long as she didn't fuck with me."

But first GG would check out Janie. She did go up that weekend and they got together with John and his girlfriend Deano. They lived in the room next to his. "Janie and I got high and fucked all weekend. I don't think we left the room, unless of course we ran out of booze. But fuck we did and it was fucking great. She came up for the next few weekends. Tim stopped by one night and told GG that they were having a big party at New Hampshire College the following weekend. He decided to invite Tracy to go with him, but he had forgotten one little detail, that Janie was coming over for the weekend. So GG figured that he would fuck Janie on Friday night, then get rid of her somehow and take off with Tracy to the party.

"Simple I thought, but things didn't work out that easy. Janie did come up on Friday and we did fuck all night, but Saturday it was hard to get rid of her. I tried everything; finally I just said fuck it, I was going to a party and I wanted to go alone. The next thing I knew Tracy was knocking at my door, her and Robin. Now I was in a double fucking mess—I wanted to go with Tracy, but didn't want to lose my weekend fuck, so Janie and I got into a big fight and she left crying. I just said fuck it and told Tracy I was ready. Let's go. We got to the party and the both of us got drunk. The party sucked, too many college jocks; Tim was trying to hit on Tracy but I didn't know yet. Now it's one thing to fuck another man's girl, but nobody was fucking with mine, especially behind my back. So Tracy and I decided to leave and go back to my room. On the way home Tracy told me about Tim trying to hit on her and how he was bad-mouthing me. Right then within a second I screeched the brakes and spun the car in a circle, put it to the fucking floor, drove back to the party without saying a word, jumped out of the car, kicked the door open, walked over to Tim without a word and beat the shit out of him. It took four guys to drag me off him. Then I turned around and walked out. Nobody was fucking me over, and especially someone who was supposed to be my friend. Tracy and I went back to my room and got drunk, and when she was too drunk to realize it I fucked her. Three times I blew my load in her; I don't even know if she really remembered it. The next morning she got up and went home."

The next weekend GG, Al and David went to a biker bar called The Zoo. "I got so obliterated that I had some girl on the dance floor making out and feeling her up. I practically fucked her right there on the floor; I was horny and she looked hot. We left the club shortly after in her junk of a car and back to my room. I sucked her cunt and fucked her all night. I don't even remember her name, I don't think I bothered to ask. But the next morning when I woke up, I looked over beside me to discover some fucking ugly fat bitch. I mean a fucking dog. I thought to myself, I hope nobody saw me come in with her, then I realized I practically raped this bitch in front of all my friends."

Soon Tracy started going over to GG's almost every night. Sometimes with, and sometimes without her friend Robin. John and Deano would open their door separating their rooms and it became a constant party. One night when they all got drunk, GG and John hung Tracy out the window by her ankles. Another night when Tracy was drunk her and GG got into a fight and she tore up some of his writings that he was working on. GG got real pissed

and started beating and kicking her so badly that John had to drag him off of her. A lot of nights she would go home black and blue with black eyes. She would come up with an assortment of lies to tell her parents to cover for GG.

Sometimes during the day GG would blow off work and him and Jean would go over to Angie's and shoot coke all day. One particular day they ran out of money and cocaine, so Jean dropped GG off at his room and then went home herself. GG was coming down as hard as a motherfucker and started getting depressed very fast, so he went out and called Tracy up. He didn't want to come down so he went and bought 5 bottles of Wild Irish Rose Wine. Tracy and Robin arrived at GG's, so they called Al up and they all went out drinking. They all took a bottle of wine with them and then they hit the road.

GG guzzled his bottle down as quick as he could so he could stay fucked up. When he was out he turned around to Robin and ordered her to give him her bottle. She told him to go back to his room and get the other bottle but he didn't want to wait another minute. So he called her a cunt, slapped her in the face, opened the door and jumped out of the car screaming. He was pissed off and out of his mind, partly from coming down off the coke and still wanting to be high. When he went to shut the car door he closed his hand in it, so he was screaming from the pain as he ran off. He ran all the way back to his room and shortly after Tracy showed up at his door. He told her that she could come in, but to tell Robin to fuck off.

Janie Jones visited one more weekend for fucking, but GG kept blowing her off and soon she would be out of the picture. Lisa was also sick of the way he was using her and she began to hate him, but she wasn't completely out of the picture yet.

GG was missing a lot of work at this time and by now was about 2 months behind on his rent. The manager was on his ass all of the time to pay up or get out, so he and John began breaking into buildings and stealing what they could sell. GG told his boss that he wasn't making enough money to pay his rent, so his boss gave him a job driving the laundry truck for a higher hourly wage. Even when he did have enough money to pay his rent he said fuck it and spent it all on liquor and drugs, so he set out looking for another downtown boarding house to move into. He found one on Hanover Street right off of Elm Street. It was right downtown where all of the sleazy clubs and high school hangouts were. The arcades and that kind of shit. So in the middle of the night he had Tracy come over and they moved all of his shit into his new place. He never did pay his back rent that he owed his previous landlord. His new room was the cockroach capital of the world, but he didn't care, they were his pets. This room was a little bit bigger than his last, his bed was in a closet.

Jean went over one night and they went to a party with Jimmy and Linda, and for some reason, Jean pissed GG off in the car and he lost it again. He started hitting her as hard as he could while she was trying to keep the car on the road. He demanded that she take him home, so she did. Not too much after this she stopped by one night and told GG that she was going to move away somewhere. She told GG that she had to get straight and to do that she would have to leave the area. GG was glad for her, but he would miss all of those nights in his room shooting up eightballs with her, and all of her junkie friends all sharing needles and shooting up in their legs and feet when their veins would collapse. All of the mornings she would leave him sitting on his bed shaking and begging her for more when he didn't ever want to come down.

"How could she leave me now," I thought, but she said she had to. We kissed goodbye and I would never see her again. Even today I still think of her and wonder what happened to her. Is she OK? Is she dead? I might never know. But I would never forget Jean and I never will."

Tracy was still visiting GG, but now he was hanging out at The Casbah Club more and picking up any girl that he could. At one time he had a girl up in his room for every night of the week. He had it scheduled out perfectly.

At the laundry company he was working with a guy named Harold who was living at an alcoholic halfway house, so he had a lot of money because he wasn't allowed to spend any. He soon became GG's loan shark and GG was buying a case of beer, bottles of wine and cocaine every day. "I mean every fucking day. When the girls came over I was going to show them a time. If they could deal with the cockroaches and the smell of my room, the rest I could take care of."

But soon GG found himself getting very deep into debt. He was borrowing from Harold at a high interest rate and soon he owed him 3 paychecks. When he would get paid he owed Harold his check, and would then have to borrow even more. He was way out of control so he had to start cutting back to get his debt paid off. He started giving Harold most of his paycheck and kept out just enough for rent, whiskey and peanut butter. It took him awhile, but he did get it paid off.

GG and Tracy went to a concert in the park one day and she was acting very nervous. They were hanging out with a bunch of people and about halfway through the concert Tracy looked at GG and said, "GG I'm pregnant." GG just looked at her in fucking shock. "Well what the fuck are you going to do," GG said. Tracy was only 18 or 19 and neither of them had any money, so a lot of her old girlfriends from school pitched in and paid for her to have an abortion. All she asked of GG was that he drive her to the clinic and to be there with her.

A couple of weeks later they drove up to Concord New Hampshire to abort their first child. While Tracy was in with the doctor ~~getting it done~~, GG met up with some other guy who was there with his girl. They started rapping and decided to go out to the car and get stoned. Tracy was in the waiting room when GG walked back in stoned. She started crying and screaming, "You fucking son of a bitch, you can't even stay straight for me now when I need you!" They yelled and screamed all the way back to Manchester. Tracy felt sick and went home. Her parents found out and knew that GG was the father. In fact, they knew a lot more than her and GG thought. They both hated GG with a passion, but Tracy was a wild little bitch and wasn't about to listen to anyone, especially her parents.

GG was still hanging out at The Casbah and at this point didn't give a shit about anyone or anything. He started putting Tracy through physical and mental abuse. He would let her come over to his room to hang out and then would just leave her there and run off to go clubbing. One weekend he made her stay at his place while he took her car to Vermont so he could spend the weekend with Sandy. He was doing anything that he wanted, and Tracy was the closest to him, so she absorbed the bulk of it. GG would make her drive him around while he sat in the back seat. He used to love to torture her and make her cry. "If she didn't like it she could just fuck off."

Her friends were starting to disown her as were GG's. They were hardly ever getting invited to parties anymore, because GG would just start fights or break things. One night when leaving a party GG drove over someone's fence. He just liked to get drunk and push people as far as he could. "I didn't care who I hurt. I was God, I was GG Allin. One night Tracy came to my room peaking on acid. So I jumped on her, grabbed a knife, told her I was the devil and that I was going to kill her. She would start crying hysterically. Then I would jump up laughing and say, I'm only kidding. Then when she would start acting alright again, I would then scream, 'No I'm not, I really am going to kill you!' Then I would pin her on the floor and stick the knife to her throat and make her cry again. Fucking with people was my specialty."

His living quarters started becoming an open party. People off the streets would just show up at any time and at all hours. When you walked into his room, if you could get past the smell and the garbage, GG figured that you were alright. Somedays he would never even leave his room. "I was pissing in bottles and kept a rather large unemptied collection. I used to shit in large plastic garbage bags and throw them in the corner. I was now living on booze and corned

beef hash.”

“Then I met a girl named Felicia. I never fucked Felicia, we were just friends, but every night before she left my room I would open up my pants, show her my erection and tell her that it was hers anytime she wanted. I remember being in bed one time with Felicia and leaving my door unlocked and Tracy walked in. I ran out to talk to Tracy who was crying and screaming and eventually she took off. Then when I got back to my room Felicia was gone. So I lost ‘em both that time, but I really didn’t care because I knew they would both be back.”

When he wasn’t at The Casbah, GG was hanging out on the streets a lot with some heavy metal band called Flying 69. The drummer Tony and his girlfriend he especially hung out and got high with. A lot of nights at The Casbah GG would get so fucked up he’d just stagger around the club unable to talk. Many nights he would get kicked out, but if he did last, at the end of the night he would walk up to any girl left that looked available and say, “Well it looks like I’m stuck with you tonight.” One night some bitch slapped him in the face and he instantly struck her back. All of the guys in the club that saw it were going to kick his ass, so he snuck out the back door.

Quite often he would never even make it home and would pass out behind a Dunkin’ Donuts or just sleep in some alley. When he would wake up in the morning he would just walk to work from wherever he happened to sleep. At work he would spend most of the morning puking in a garbage can. He was a fucking mess. “I also remember going to a party with Felicia. I didn’t have anything to drink so I told everyone at the party to form a line. I said, “Anyone who can spit in my mouth I will give a beer, but if you miss you gotta give me one.” Then I opened my mouth wide. Some people did hit my mouth but the majority missed, so I walked out of that party with a lot of beer. Felicia never invited me to another party.”

Meanwhile, throughout all of this GG hadn’t played a gig in quite awhile. He was too fucked up to really care and nobody wanted to deal with him in a band situation. But soon Al was practicing with Zark, some guitar player and a drummer named Tim Toms and they were looking for a singer. GG hadn’t seen them since the last Jabbers show when they all arrived at GG’s room one night. They had talked to the manager of The Casbah and he was willing to put his neck out on the chopping block and give them one more chance. If they fucked up this time that would be it. They were even willing to be GG’s band, but they made him promise that he would not lose control. He promised and the show was on. GG was living one day at a time, but he was wanting to play again.

They had a place to practice at in Loudon, New Hampshire at their friend Willie’s house. Willie was the guy who got arrested with them in Lowell, Massachusetts. They practiced every night and got down a set of some old and new material along with a few songs off the Eat My Fuc LP. After a lot of practicing the gig was fast approaching and soon it was up on the Casbah wall, “Coming soon - the return of GG Allin.” The Liquor Commission apparently had not forgotten GG, and they called The Casbah and threatened to pull their license. Neil the manager told them that he was taking full responsibility and that the show would go on, but in everybody’s mind they would believe it when they saw it. As they were setting up on the night of the show Tracy came in with 5 roses, one for each member of the band and she wished them luck. Some band played before them, then it was time.

GG and Al Slime were backstage snorting coke. Al was the bass player for a band called Nightmare. GG was dressed in a jockstrap, garterbelts and a long black robe. The band hit the stage first and did a five minute intro, then GG ran out. “The first thing I did was call some girl a bitch and spit my beer in her face. Then I grabbed the ceiling pipes and threw myself over the first set of tables knocking over the waitress and her drinks. I was losing it. Onstage I could not control myself no matter what. I was possessed by my inner demons. I started screaming out the lyrics while kicking people and cutting my skin open, then I pulled down the jockstrap and

was singing, jerking, convulsing and running around like a naked maniac. Around the fourth song the plug was pulled. When he had started the club was packed full, about 500 people. When we were done there were maybe 20 people left. The crowd hated me, the club owner was furious, Tracy was ever-disgusted and my band left without even talking to me. That was really it, no more."

He would never play again with Al or Zark, but Tim the drummer and Al Slime thought it was fucking great. GG went home that night, drank some more and passed out. He was sick of the whole fucking bunch of pussies. "I would never sell out. If they didn't want to play, fuck them. I was not going to slow down. I was going all the way until I either killed myself or someone killed me."

So GG just kept hanging out on the streets, working when he felt like it and just fucking off. Him and Tracy were going to Boston every Sunday to The Channel to see some hardcore bands. They were all-ages shows, so a lot of little girls would be there for GG to check out. Wild Irish Rose was his drink for the shows. Most of the time when they got to The Channel, GG would blow Tracy off and find someone else. For awhile he was meeting a young girl named Nicole. He would meet up with her and usually disappear until the show was over. A lot of times he would be all over the girls, feeling them up right in front of Tracy. One time he took a girl right into the slam pit and tried to rape her in front of the whole crowd. Sometimes he would just stumble around the club and get kicked out. Nicole finally couldn't handle it after awhile and she told GG that he drank too much and that she couldn't deal with him anymore.

At The Channel GG met a friend named Mucous, from a band called Mucous Gravy. Mucous lived in a motel in Boston and GG would often go down and stay with him. They would consume as much alcohol and cocaine as they could get their hands on. "He also had a friend named Randy. One night when we were all drunk I got in bed with Randy and told him I was gay and that I was going to suck his dick. I pulled down his pants and he would just say, "GG, get the fuck out of here." Then I would go at it again. I would never let up on people until they gave in or broke. Then I grabbed his dick, shook it a few times and as he laid there nervously I told him it's so fucking small. When he thought it was safe I'd pull down his pants and grab him again."

"It got to the point where Tracy would not even go to Boston with me after a while. I could drink 3 bottles of the Wild Irish Rose usually in the car before we got there." One time when they went to The Channel they locked the tickets in the car. GG was in such a hurry that he knocked the window out with someone's crowbar.

Around this time Al Slime started stopping by GG's, many times with coke. One day GG asked him if he wanted to start up a band and do some recording. "Al was a fat slimy motherfucker. I figured as sick as he was he would be the perfect bass player for The Scumfucs, and he was fucking ugly." Al was also friends with Tim Toms, so Tim took up on the drumming. This was great for GG because neither of these two gave a fuck what GG did. He could go all out on his hellbent self-destruction and his band would be right behind him. Not too much later Al went over to GG's and told him that he had some equipment set up in his apartment along with a four-track machine. They both had a couple of songs they wanted to work out and record. They invited some people over and had a recording party. GG as always blurted out the lyrics on the spot. Before the evening had ended they completed the four songs. They ended up as "I'm Gonna Rape You", "I Wanna Fuck Your Brains Out", "Teacher's Pet" and "Devil's Prayer", and within a couple of months GG had released them as a four song EP on Blood Records.

Back in his room things were shaky again. He was on the verge of getting thrown out because of all the noise that lasted throughout the night.

Around this time The Scumfucs also did some videos. They became known as the

Dumpster Videos, because they were all shot in an alley and the drums were set up on a dumpster. "Felicia, Tracy and Lisa all showed up, but I left with Lisa the smelly cocksucker. I remember the day after we did the video I couldn't get out of bed for a few days. I was diving on glass covered cement off a dumpster for about 8 hours. There were not too many parts of my body that weren't bleeding, but Lisa could make the pain go away temporarily. The next day when she got home from work her cunt smelled so ripe, but before I would let her take a shower I made her lay on the bed while I smothered my face right deeply into her cunt. She kept saying, "I've got you, don't I, I've got you GG, I've got you." Right then and there I blew my load." After 3 days at Lisa's, GG went back to his room.

A few days after this GG and Tracy set out for The Living Room in Providence, Rhode Island to see The Ramones do a gig. They arrived early so they sat in the car waiting for the doors to open. Since GG was thrown out last time he played at The Living Room, he was going to try to sneak in unnoticed, but he knew it would be impossible because he just seemed to stick out in any crowd.

"Sure enough I got spotted by Randy, the manager, who told me if I got out of line once I would be thrown out on my ass, but there was something about The Ramones that always got me in trouble. As soon as they started playing I jumped up on the stage and started stagediving. I was floating on top of the crowd when suddenly the crowd threw me back onstage and I banged into Dee Dee almost knocking him over. The next thing I knew 6 bouncers picked me up and tossed me out the door. Then I spit on them and called them a bunch of cunts. Tracy came out to see what was going on. I said let's get the fuck out of here. I then took a can of spray paint and sprayed the club, GG Allin Fucks All, then we split."

Whether he was playing or not, GG always seemed to be getting thrown out of clubs. They drove all night and by the time they arrived back in Manchester it was time for GG to go to work, so they drove directly there. GG was always the first one at work so he had a key and they decided to go in and sit around for awhile and drink so coffee. Tracy gave him a handjob on one of the folding tables, then they left. He decided to stop in at Cumberland Farms to get something to eat. As he was waiting to get rung up he overheard the guy behind the counter talking to someone about a fire that had been burning throughout the night. GG asked the man where the fire was and he told him that it was some boarding house down on Hanover Street off of Elm. GG screamed, "I live there!" and ran out to the truck without paying for his food. He jumped into the truck and told Tracy what was going on, so he decided to fuck work and go over there. "When we got there sure enough: firetrucks, police and chaos everywhere. People were all over the streets totally helpless. Most everyone who lived there were poor, street people, elderly or artists. Most lost everything they owned, I was one of those people."

GG ran past the cop and told him that he was going up to his room to get what he could. The cop yelled back at him saying that if he took another step he would be arrested. GG told him to go ahead and arrest him because he was going in. The manager, Dave, who was friend of GG's and used to sell him weed came running out and told him to cool it. He informed GG that when the fire was out and the building cleared he would get him in.

"Now it seemed like my life was in a total fucking mess. I had nothing. Then I thought, I've had nothing before. But it was winter, where would I stay, what would I do." GG called Chuck, his boss at work, and told him to come and pick up the truck because he couldn't work that day because of what had happened and he needed to find somewhere to live. Chuck was cool and said he would fill in for him for a couple of days. "I really had nowhere to go and very little money. The Red Cross put up a few people, but I was not high on their list of priorities. I would never ask anyone for help. I would tough it out."

He ended up living in Tracy's car when she could keep it out overnight, and when she couldn't he would sneak into the laundry and sleep in the back of the truck. During the days he

hung out on the streets. If it was too cold he would sit in McDonald's all day sipping whiskey and coffee. Every night he would go to the soup kitchen for a hot meal. The mayor of Manchester ended up giving every tenant 200 bucks to get another place and get started again. The side of the building that GG had lived in was condemned, so he took the 200 and set out to find yet another cheap, sleazy dive to live in. He met a kid named Chico on the street one day who told GG that there was a small room available in the building he was living in, so GG told him to check it out. "If they got one look at me I would be refused on sight." Chico ended up getting GG the room. This room was real small, about the size of the first room he had, but GG thought it was great. He didn't have much to take over and put in it, so he moved right in.

One day at the bank where GG used to always cash his paychecks at, a bank teller named Lisa asked him if he was GG Allin. As usual GG told her no just to fuck with her. She told him that she knew he was, so GG replied, "So what of it?" They got to talking and GG asked her if she wanted to go out one night and she said yes. GG looked back at her and said, "I never fucking thought I'd ever go out with anybody that worked in a bank." She replied, "You never know until you ask." He took her telephone number and a couple of nights later they went to Boston to see The Lords of The New Church. Cheetah Chrome was there playing with them that night so he got them in for free. "But as usual I ran around the club all night leaving Lisa hanging, but she seemed to be having a good time. Then we went to some gay bar and I danced with 2 transvestites all night. It was a blast. On the way home I started my torment treatment on Lisa. While she was driving I would choke her very hard and tell her I was going to kill her. I scared the shit out of her."

When she dropped GG off he told her that they should get together again. "Lisa was a slut. A high-class slut so she thought, but she prided herself on giving head. Well one night I was home alone and she came over drunk off her ass knocking on my door. Then she kicked my door in and without a word that I could understand she started sucking on my dick like a high-powered vacuum hose. I blew my load instantly. Then I told her to go home because I didn't want any company. The next night I couldn't wait to tell Tracy just to piss her off. Tracy hated Lisa with a passion. She told me she wanted to kill her. I told her what good head she gave. I was only seeing more anger in Tracy. When a girl has that fire in her eyes it gets me horny. I always had better sex when I hated someone. It's the only way. Dangerous sex is a thrill. I remember laying under my bed soon after and Tracy was then sucking my cock with a fury. I think she wanted to top Lisa. Although she got me off, Lisa would be the best head I ever got even to this day."

GG and Tracy were off and on all the time, but GG was getting sick of his room and she was sick of living with her parents, so they decided to get a place together. They found one a little further up on Hanover Street, but still close enough to downtown for GG to hang out and walk to the clubs. It was a third floor apartment with their own balcony. GG also had his own room. He dug this because now he had a place to close the world out and could still fuck Tracy when he wanted. They also got a telephone and GG started having phone sex with a girl named JoAnn from Lowell, Massachusetts and Lilianna, another girl from Texas. "I also had 3 inflatable sex dolls. I used to sit in front of the TV with Tracy in the room and jerk off to the girls to piss her off." A guy who worked with GG named Chuck was a homeless drunk, so a lot of times he would go up and sleep on their porch.

GG was still seeing Lisa and Sandy occasionally, and anyone else he could find. One day when he was walking around Elm Street he noticed a real skinny girl who looked like death. She was dressed in all black and had short spiked hair. He had never seen this girl before and she caught his attention. GG could sense that she was watching him also, so he went over and started talking to her. Her name was Carrie and after this they started meeting every night on Elm Street. She was a tough bitch who had just moved from Washington D.C. to Manchester.

Recently she had an abortion and her best friend had just died from a drug overdose. She was originally from New Hampshire, and because of her friend's death she didn't drink or do drugs anymore. "She reminded me a lot of Jean in appearance and toughness. She used to bite me and rip the skin right off me and spit it out. This was the girl for me."

After awhile GG started to bring Carrie around the apartment. Tracy got sick of it and for a while started seeing a guy named Jimmy. Now it was like a rivalry at the homefront. "But when we were alone on those hot sticky days we would still fuck to a dripping sweat. Some days we would just fuck on the floor all day. One day I brought Carrie home and Tracy was having a party with all of her friends. We just walked in. I didn't know some of the people, but I really didn't care, and I was very drunk. Tracy got pissed off at us and yelled at us to leave. I told her to fuck off and we were staying. Then she went into the bedroom with her friends and I could hear her talking about me. Then I kicked her door open, ran in and started beating the shit out of her."

Tracy's friends freaked out but were all too scared to do anything about it. Everyone at the party decided to leave and drag Tracy out with them. "I was running around the house in a fury. On Tracy's way out I slapped her in the face. Then I grabbed all the guys equipment, took it out to the balcony and threw it all out in the middle of the street. Drums, guitar and one amp." Carrie calmed GG down before he tore the whole place apart. The next day when GG got up to go to work there were pieces of guitars and drugs all over the road. They were pissed but what could they do. They weren't really equipment conscious anyway so nobody quit. If they had to they would borrow some or whatever. On other nights when GG was out with Carrie, Tracy would sit at home alone and get drunk. When GG would get home she would start throwing glasses and plates at him like it was a war zone. "But it only pissed her off more when I would say, 'Let's fuck — I love it when you're violent.'"

The following morning GG would get up and cut himself all to fuck walking on the glass. At this apartment anything could happen. "I was so fucking drunk one night I left our place to walk to Lisa's apartment (the banker). I fell down our whole flight of stairs, then got up and tried to walk again. The next thing I knew it was mid-morning and I was laying face down on somebody's lawn I didn't even know. I got up and stumbled home." They broke about 2 phones a week throwing them at each other. "I used to fuck with Tracy. Beat off in front of her, have phone sex in front of her, bring girls over or brag about the ones I was with. One night she just cracked up."

GG left to go out with Carrie and Tracy's friend Jackie, who hated GG, came over to move her out. When GG got back home all of his records that she had were broken on the floor. All of his posters were ripped down off the walls and a picture of him and her was torn into a million pieces. GG just ignored it and figured that he had to get her back to pay half the rent or he would have to move out also. The next day he found Jackie's phone number and Tracy was there. He talked her into moving back in. Even when the police would stop over to break them up Tracy would cover for GG.

Now Mucous, Al Slime and Tim Toms were ready to do some recording and try to set up some gigs. They wanted to do a whole LP but had very little money, so they rented two 4-track machines and whatever else they needed, piled it into 2 cars and drove to Boston. They rented out a rehearsal space for the day and recorded an album. "None of it was rehearsed, we did the whole LP on the spot. It was so fucking raw and real. Lyrics were just pouring out of me like blood. We recorded about 12 of the most grungy R+R songs I've ever heard, then we released it. We called the LP "You'll Never Tame Me", basically because nobody ever would. Again it was a love-hate relationship with the critics. It was either the worst piece of shit or it was classic street music. But no matter what they said about it, this was my life, everything I recorded was about my reality."

Al went down to The Zoo to see if they could get a gig there. It was the sleaziest club in town so they figured they had their best shot with it. The Zoo agreed to do it as long as it wasn't advertised too much, so they decided to make up some flyers and pass them out on the streets. The flyers read, "Come and see GG Allin and The Scumfucs—the band that will rape and fuck your 10-year old daughter." They passed them out to everyone, which was their big mistake. A lot of young girls ended up with them and one of them brought the flyer home and showed it to her mother. Her mother called the cops who then went to The Zoo and had them banned from playing. Soon after they wouldn't even be allowed to enter the bar as customers, especially GG.

Back at the apartment it was like a circus. Chuck was still passing out on their porch, and GG & Carrie started fighting. She thought that GG should drink less. "One day at the beach her and her friend would not stop at the liquor store. I told them to stop or take me the fuck home. When they refused I lost it again. I started screaming, 'You fucking cunts have no right!' Then I ran off and called Tracy to come pick me up."

GG was getting sick of everything. He had to get out and go somewhere so he put out the word that he was going on the road. He was ready to tour and bring his destruction on the road. He figured fuck the band and that he would find some on the way. He bought a 30-day Greyhound bus pass and was heading out. He didn't give a fuck about anyone or anything. Fuck all the girls, he would find more of them on the road also.

About a week later Tracy told him that she was pregnant again with his child. GG really didn't give a fuck and his advice was simple: "'Fuck it, I might die soon so you better have it.' We both thought it might be a retard with all the drugs and drinking we did and I would continue to do." Tracy decided to go the 9 months and have the child. She tried to talk GG out of going on the road but that was a losing battle, so she moved back home with her parents when he left. A couple of weeks later GG was ready. He and Tracy stayed up all night the evening before he was leaving and in the morning she drove him to the bus station and he was gone. This was GG's first U.S. tour. He was ready to do to the country what he had already done on the east coast and even more, a lot more.

The tour was set to go like this: Ohio, Illinois, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Los Angeles, San Francisco and then back to Manchester. The Ohio show was blown off, so he first headed over to Peoria, Illinois. He arrived in Peoria on July 30th, 1985—a day before the show was scheduled to happen. "As it turned out my first tour was quite like my life, a total fucking disaster. The first gig was in Peoria, Illinois with Bloody Mess. All the way there I sat on the back of the bus drinking whiskey. When I got to Peoria I was already drunk. Bloody and I got into a fight and I punched him in the face." Bloody set the show up for GG and for the rest of the night they got shitfaced. They got so drunk and radical that the thirteen steps leading to Bloody's apartment were ripped up from the house. The cockroaches were using beer cans and whiskey bottles as motels. The show was scheduled at the local VFW hall in Peoria. Caustic Defiance started the show off, then Bloody's band Hate ripped through their set. There wasn't a real lot of people at the show who had heard of GG, but they were in for a special treat of history.

Something new emerged at this show for GG that was the beginning of one of his most disgusting stage antics. Earlier in the day he engulfed a shitload of Ex-Lax that Bloody bought for him. "At the show there were a bunch of straightedgers protesting my arrival, so I came out in a jockstrap (which I was wearing at all the shows now) and took a shit on the stage. Then I wiped the shit all over my body and threw the rest at the crowd. The hall manager was screaming and his goons wanted to beat the shit out of me but nobody would touch me. Then we heard the cop sirens coming so we split out the back door and escaped to Bloody's." Later that night the cops busted Bloody at his apartment for pot and GG was on his way to South

Carolina. This gig was at somebody's house. At the show he ripped down an expensive chandelier from the ceiling that he had been swinging from. He also pissed in a cup and all over the place. He threw the cup on some old ladies and licked up the rest. "I do remember during my set I grabbed some chick's dog and tried to suck its dick. The cops arrived at the end of the set, but I was already done."

He was off on a bus to Dallas. "When I got to Texas (Dallas) I called The Texas Nazis, who were going to be my band. We got together for a quick rehearsal and some recording, but instead of staying in Texas for a week waiting for The Twilight Room gig I split to do a show in Los Angeles at The Cafe. Then I bused out to San Francisco to pick up some money that was owed to me by Systematic Record Distribution." He was spending money fast so this came in handy. While in San Francisco he got himself another gig after the Texas show opening for The Dead Kennedys back in San Fran. He spent one night in San Francisco. He really didn't know where to go so he hung around the bus station area and hit as many bars that he could. He ended up passing out on a chair at the Greyhound station and the next day was on his way back to Texas.

"It was a long fucking ride but the back seats of a Greyhound bus can make a hell of a party with the right people, and a lot of parties were had. I even jerked off when the time arose. When I got back to Dallas I couldn't get ahold of Gin Steiger, the Nazis' bass player I remember hanging out at some pool hall and then late at night I found a vacant parking lot and slept on the pavement. The next day I got together with the band. I ended up staying at Gin's house that night with a few other people. I caught Gin fucking some fat girl. I snuck up on them and barged in. I ended up jerking off. The next night at the show I hung out down in the basement. I like to be by myself before shows, so I hung out in the basement with a bottle of vodka. When the band came down to get me I was working on a good buzz, then we hit the stage. The band just bashed out some of the noisiest intensity. If we fucked up we didn't care, it was full speed ahead. I started bashing myself all over the club, attacking people and attempted to rape some bitches. I took a shit and threw it at the crowd while Gin was hitting people with his bass. Some bitch pulled a knife on me and tried cutting me. She took a piece of skin out of my leg, but not as much skin as I tore out of myself. I was putting cigarettes out on my skin and biting my flesh till I was dripping with blood. By the time we were finished everyone had either left or was standing a long ways away from the stage. We were drinking and getting high and we just didn't give a fuck."

After the show he hung out in the parking lot, still in his jockstrap and real fucked up. Some people gave him a ride to the bus station so he went into the bathroom and washed up a bit, but when he tried to get on the bus to San Francisco he was refused by the bus driver. He told GG that he was too drunk and undesirable. He still had some blood and shit on himself. In the early morning he was allowed on a bus after he slept in a seat at the station.

"But when I woke up that morning I felt very hot and puked by guts out in the shitter, then I got on the bus. About 5-6 hours into my journey I was getting hotter and drooling on myself. It took all I had to stand up or walk, I was deliriously hallucinating. By the time I hit El Paso I had to get off the bus or puke on everyone. I was tired also. I thought if I got a motel room and slept for awhile I would be alright. I was extremely dehydrated. I limped around town and took the first room I came to. I drank about a gallon of water and crashed out. I had so many hallucinations all through the night. When I awoke my bed was soaking wet from sweat, but still I felt cold chills. I could just barely walk. I thought I was dying. I looked in the yellow pages for the nearest doctor. But it was about 6 or 7 blocks away. I might die trying to get there, but I would die if I didn't, so with every bit of energy I had, struck out for the doctor's office. I was all alone and I didn't know anybody, but I did get there. My fever was about 100 so he gave me a shot, then I left to go back to my room. The shot did not seem to

help. I was helpless and most of the money I had went to the room. I don't think I had ever been this sick, so now I had to decide or die. This was serious shit. I decided I would probably have better luck if I went back to Dallas so I limped back to the bus station and got on the next bus to Dallas. I figured I would go to the hospital and in a few days could still get to S.F., California for the Dead Kennedys gig. The ride back to Dallas seemed like a lifetime."

When he arrived back in Dallas he got himself a cab. He gave the driver all of the money that he had left and told him that he needed to get to a hospital emergency room. He was taken to Parkland Memorial Hospital, the hospital where John F. Kennedy died. "When I got there the doctor immediately took me in. He looked at me like I was insane then asked me what happened. I said that I didn't want to talk about it. I wasn't about to tell him it was self-inflicted, not just yet. They rushed me to a room and hooked me up to an I.V. machine." He stayed in the hospital for two weeks. Besides all of the gauges, GG also had blood poisoning. He missed the Dead Kennedys gig plus the Memphis, Tennessee show. "What a way to end a tour, but I lived and learned." He was in a room with a few other guys. One of them had been shot and there was another who was in for drug addiction. They were feeding this guy morphine pills, but instead of taking them he was hiding them in his mouth then him and GG would crush them up and shoot them in their I.V. bags with a syringe. He ended up getting higher than fuck for two weeks.

After he got out of the hospital he called Tracy up to see if she could wire him some money for an airplane ticket to Boston. Tracy was pregnant, broke and living with her parents, so she couldn't help him out. He decided to call his stepfather. He told GG that he would wire the money to the airport. "I guess he didn't trust me with the money." He flew into Logan Airport in Boston and Tracy was there to pick him up. They got a hotel room for the night as they smoked some pot and GG told her of his travels. The next day she took him back to the apartment at his parents' in Littleton, New Hampshire. This was the same place that he and Sandy stayed at just before their separation, who by now were divorced. So now GG was back in Littleton with no plans, no band and no fun, but he would have to stay there awhile since he had burned all of his bridges in Manchester and nobody would help him out while Tracy couldn't.

He got himself a job at one of the shoe factories he had worked at as a kid. After a bit he started going out to the bars to see what he could find but everyone seemed to despise him. He didn't seem to fit no matter where he went so he called up a couple of his old high school friends and started going out to clubs with them. He did meet a few girls at a club called Jonathan's in St. Johnsbury, Vermont that he fucked over. He was out being a slut while Tracy was back in Manchester getting larger and larger. Occasionally Tracy would drive up and visit him but he was always fucked up and they would just end up fighting. "One night she drove 3 hours to come see me and I threw her out 15 minutes after she arrived. I told her to get the fuck out, that I hated her and I hoped the baby died. She left crying."

The following day GG called her up and told her that he wanted her to give the baby up for adoption but she wouldn't so he told her to fuck off. He continued to work and slut around town but he finally became bored with Littleton so he called his old boss up at the laundry service in Manchester and asked him for a job. Chuck, the boss, told GG that he would give him one more chance but if he fucked up again that was it, so back to Manchester he went.

He arrived in Manchester, got a paper and found a place to live that day. It was a small place on Manchester Street that cost him 75 bucks a week. This didn't leave him with much money so when he ran out of food he would go to the soup kitchen to eat. Chuck, the drunk that worked there before with GG, was still there and he moved in across the hall from GG. Now he had a drinking partner. Not long after another guy named Tim who also worked at the laundry moved in and they started taking over the building as their party headquarters again.

There was a party going on every night.

Tracy wasn't visiting GG that much because by now she was very big, but she did stop by once in awhile. "I had a BB pistol. When she would come over I would point it at her face at close range until she would cry or start screaming. She might have been pregnant but I would not let up. I was still eating her pussy. I used to make her piss in a glass, then sit on my face and make me drink it while I masturbated."

GG and Chuck started going out to the bars every night, but they always got too drunk and obnoxious and would get kicked out. Sometimes at night they would hang out and give each other homemade tattoos. Out of the three of them whoever woke up first in the morning would wake the others up for work. A lot of times GG would wake up soaking wet to discover that he had passed out and pissed his pants.

GG bought a guitar and started to get some new songs down. He wanted to hit the studio again, but this time it would be different. He was hanging out on Cedar Street and one day met a whore in the street named Tammy. She told GG that she could play guitar, but not very good, and that she also knew a bassist and a drummer that were just starting out. GG didn't give a fuck, he figured he would coach them. The 3 girls were Tammy, Sally and Connie, otherwise known as Tammy Tits, Sally Sleaze and Connie Clit. They would become The Cedar Street Sluts, a name that GG would pick out. They went into some cheap studio and recorded these 5 songs: Bad Habits, Sluts in the City, Blood for You, Tough Fucking Shit and Eat You Out.

"I coached them all through it. I even played some guitar and drums. We laid down five sloppy, slutty sounding tunes that were so bad they were great. The engineer would keep saying, 'Do you want to try again, it sounded out of tune,' to which I'd say, 'No fucking way, it's a take.' Then Felicia and Lisa (blowjob queen) came in to lay down the backup vocals. We went to Boston to the combat zone for pictures, then I released the tape. I didn't have a record company at the time so we put it out ourselves and called it Misadventures of a Total Slut."

The cassette insert was done with different colored magic markers. The face of it had the band name and a large mouth with bright red lips and a juicy tongue slurping out of it. The backside listed the band as: GG Allin - Screaming Animal; Connie Clit - Guitar; Tammy Tits - Bass, Backup Vox; Poline Pussy - Guitar, Backup Vox; and Sally Sleaze - Drums. The inside cover said this: The Sluts live on Cedar St. The Sluts are sleazy. The Sluts don't play good, they play bad with no sense of tone. The Sluts don't care. They stink. They're dirty and they make trashy noise. The Sluts are street girls who know only one thing, to suck & fuck. Who else would play with a sleazy, wild scum slut like GG. Produced by Dunghouse. Play Fucking Loud."

Nothing really became of The Cedar Street Sluts, it was a one-shot thing. GG couldn't keep a steady band and he didn't want to. He was having a hard enough time keeping himself together, let alone a band.

Back at the room GG and Chuck were going to work everyday then coming home and getting drunk until they passed out. GG was on call now at work because Tracy was overdue to have the baby and he wanted to be there to check it out. He finally got the call at work and he headed for the hospital. "I was right there watching as the doctor pulled my R&R daughter from Tracy." Tracy's parents were furious. Her father never even went to the hospital. In fact, nobody went while GG was there. Her whole family hated him, but G didn't give a fuck because he was there. It was a girl and they named her Nico Ann, Nico from The Velvet Underground and Ann from The Stooges song off of their first classic album.

In a few days Tracy and Nico returned to their parents. GG would sneak over to visit while her parents were at work and Tracy would occasionally bring Nico over to his room. "But my room was not much of a place for no baby. It stunk unbelievably of body odor, piss, shit and booze. I never once cleaned any of my rooms. Bottles of piss were everywhere. The

garbage was most of the time out to the middle of the floor and I rarely showered. For that matter I never combed my hair, never. I would just cut the knots out when it matted. My teeth were becoming black and falling out, mostly due to knocking them out onstage, although I hadn't brushed my teeth or seen a dentist in 10 years. Being clean did not interest me. If anyone didn't like it then they could just fuck off."

After a couple of months Tracy decided to get her own apartment again. She told GG that he could move in also as long as he gave her the money that he was paying for his present room. GG would have his own room for seclusion, so once again they ventured into the reality of living together. They got a cheap apartment still near downtown, but GG would soon find out that living with a newborn would drive him crazy. Him and Tracy started drinking more than ever. "One day when Nico was at the sitter's, I came home and found Tracy passed out in the tub full of cold water. She was fully dressed and she just kept crying, 'My baby, where's my baby? My baby is dead!' I pulled her out of the tub and put her on the bed. When she passed out I started fucking with her. She would start digging into me as hard as she could with her nails until I was bleeding. Then I pulled out and jerked off all over her face. But when Nico was around all she would do is cry and sleep. I used to get so pissed off I would either leave or take my fingers and ping her in the face, which would only make her cry more."

GG and Tracy would fight a lot because he would never take care of Nico. When he hung around he would sit in his room, play his guitar and get shitfaced drunk. "One time I locked myself in my room and didn't come out for 4 days. Nobody would come in and I did not talk to anyone. I went through these spells often of just wanting to be by myself. I am a stubborn motherfucker."

He started reading and corresponding with a satanist group up in Canada and soon became very involved. He went out and bought as many black candles as he could get, a black robe, an altar and a long knife. He had a book of rituals that he would perform as many nights as he could. Nobody could be around so he would send Tracy and Nico out on these occasions. Non-believers would only break his concentration. After awhile he signed his life over to Satan. "We were under contract from that day on and I would not let him down."

GG and Tracy were becoming more distant. He began beating her up so much that the cops were stopping by almost every night. Finally the cops told them that if they had to return that they would take Nico away from them. There was also some black lady who lived downstairs from them who would always call the manager and complain. She and the manager went up to talk with GG and Tracy one night. "She and I started screaming at each other. I told her it was none of her business and told him that if that nigger downstairs didn't shut her fucking mouth I was going to kill her. Then one day I told the bitch if she said one more thing I was going to slice the tires on her car. The next day we had an eviction notice."

Tracy and Nico moved back home with Tracy's parents, while GG moved into the notorious 100 Lake Ave. boarding house. This one was in the Manchester ghetto, but at 35 bucks a week, GG was in. He knew most of the people in the building which mainly consisted of drug dealers, prostitutes, junkies and bums. He was right at home. At this place you didn't need a lock for your door, because all of the doors were kicked in. Some rooms didn't even have doors on them.

GG and Tracy remained on and off and soon he would meet a girl named Carol. She had just moved to Manchester from Seattle, Washington and ended up getting a room in the same building that he and Tracy had just gotten thrown out of. GG and Bloody Mess were setting up another of U.S. tour, this time with Bloody travelling with him and reading poetry of his own to start the show off. GG bought another bus pass and told Carol to hang in there and he would be back in 30 days. His bag was packed, his rent was paid and soon he was on his second U.S. tour. This was 1986.

On August 7th, Bloody was to meet GG at the O'Cayz Corral in downtown Madison, Wisconsin. Bloody arrived from Trailway bus at about 3:30 in the afternoon and headed for the bar. Along the way he noticed GG Allin flyers on telephone poles all over the place. When he got to the bar there was a note taped to the door from GG telling Bloody to wait there for him and he'd be back soon. After two hours GG finally came strolling up looking skuzzy and burnt out. He was wearing a dog collar complete with tags, black eyeliner, a skull bandana, shorts and a pair of cowboy boots. They picked up some beer to drink and smoked some pot until it was ready for GG's soundcheck.

He had a Madison band called The T's and Blues Review that was backing him up for the show. The band consisted of Roan Kaufman - Guitar; Pete Rabbid - Bass; and Marcel Colbert on the drums. They practiced a lot for the show and the soundcheck sounded great. Roan expected GG to be a real asshole and was surprised that he was nice and friendly. After the soundcheck GG and Bloody got drunker and had more fun. At 10:30 the people were piling in and The Crossbones opened up the show playing some Cramps covers and other shit. By the time they finished the bar was packed and Bloody went up onstage to do his poetry reading. Roan would not stop tuning his guitar while Bloody was trying to read, so the reading did not last long because he couldn't be heard. He insulted the crowd then ripped up his poems. The crowd consisted of punks, jocks, metalheads and older straightedgers. GG hit the stage wearing his famous jockstrap in a total frenzy as they blasted into I Wanna Fuck Your Brains Out.

Throughout the show a lot of shit happened. GG jerked off all over a big glass window that was facing outside. There were a lot of people out there watching the show who were too young to get in. He shoved the microphone up his ass and got punched in the face by someone in the audience. He shoved some toilet paper up his ass and lit it on fire. His ass was literally on fire. While performing his classic Hard Candy Cock GG pounded his face so hard that he lost a tooth. A guy in the audience tried to suck his dick and after GG slid all the way across the bar, broke 3 microphones and threw beer all over the crowd and the bass amp, the show was over. GG thought the band was hot and they all made some decent money from the gig. The songs they played were: I Wanna Fuck Your Brains Out, Fuckin' The Dog, Hard Candy Cock, I Wanna Rape You and Bite It You Scum.

After the show GG, Bloody and some others hung outside of the club and fucked with people. GG ended up giving Moon, the drummer of U.S. Distress a blowjob on the street. After this GG and Bloody went out and did some party crashing. At one place GG fell over someone's stereo and completely trashed it. He put his fist through a window then started ragging on everyone and soon they were thrown out. After a fight with some local GG Allin haters, they hit another house. GG ended up sleeping on Roan's floor, while Bloody woke up in a car with some friends in Beloit, Wisconsin. Bloody stayed with Dean Dirt, the singer of 10-960 for two nights in Kenosha, Wisconsin.

On August 10th, the day of their next show, Bloody, Dean and the members of U.S. Distress headed for Chicago to find GG. It was scheduled at The Exit, and when they pulled up GG was standing outside of the club in a pair of jeans. The rest of his clothes were stolen in madison, but somehow he did manage to hang onto his trusty jockstrap. They headed for a liquor run and along the way GG stuck a dildo in his pants and walked up to every girl he saw and would ask if she wanted to suck his dick. Then he would pull out the dildo and shove it in their face. When they got back to The Exit they headed for the dressing room. GG pissed on the floor and took a shit inside of a garbage can. When he was finished he scooped some of the shit up, put it in an ashtray and took it out into the club. He tormented the patrons and then left it in the middle of a deserted table.

Soon after, GG did his soundcheck and broke two microphones in the process. Needless to say to soundman was pissed. This show GG was using a jambox that he hooped up through

the P.A. system and ran the practice tape that he did with The Texas Nazis the previous year. He had taken the tape into the studio and eliminated the vocals.

The Exit was packed and included in the audience was Steve Albini of Big Black. Also on the bill was Squirrelbait and The Volcano Suns. GG came out singing Blood For You. He pounded his face with the microphone and was quickly covered with blood. The audience was throwing bottles and glass while GG went off on them. When he had two songs left to play they stopped the show. By this time all of the stage lights were broken out also.

The Volcano Suns came out and GG hit the bass player with a full can of beer. GG and the gang decided to leave, spitting on everyone they passed on the way out. Some guy called GG a name, so GG punched him in the face. The guy kept it up so GG punched him a couple of more times then smashed a chair over his face. By this time approximately 50 people wanted to kill him so they all ran outside and jumped into a friend's car. They visited various porn shops and eventually ended up in a gay bar. GG, still in his jockstrap danced on top of the bar teasing all of the he-she's. The people loved him so he earned a few free drinks.

In the early morning everyone left to go home while GG and Bloody went to the Trailway Bus terminal and fell asleep. They woke up to discover that everything they had was stolen along with Bloody's tape recorder and the recording of the Exit show. They went to Burger King, fell asleep there and were thrown out by security. Bloody decided to go back home while GG ventured on. He still had his bus ticket and a few bucks, so off to Memphis, Tennessee GG went. When he arrived in Memphis he found out that the show was cancelled. Then it was Kentucky, then Mississippi and all of his shows had been cancelled. The word was out that GG Allin was nothing but trouble so nobody wanted to take the chance with him. "So what started out to be a big tour ended up being 2 gigs that we never got to finish."

Disgusted with the cancellations, GG was on his way back to New Hampshire. "I was just going all out on my death trip. Couldn't anyone see! I was the sacrifice of rock & roll. I was trying to put the danger back. What the fuck is going on. I was building up a strong following of hardcore GG believers, but the majority was against us. The press hated us and radio stations blackballed me. What was once a fight was becoming a war. My shows were not just rock & roll shows, they were events. Bones were broken, blood was plenty, clubs were trashed, girls were raped and anything was possible. Now I was heading back to New Hampshire. Those who were close to me would hate to see me come back from the road because I was an even bigger asshole than usual. I expected to always get what I wanted."

Back in New Hampshire GG was shifting back and forth from Tracy's to Carol's. He then met two more girls named Trisha and Sheila. They invited him to a party at their house. They told him that they had parties every night and to just show up, but they would regret they said that in time to come. GG was becoming miserable and angrier but he was still looking for adventure and risks in any way he could find it. Although he and Tracy were still hanging in there, to GG she was becoming a boring mother and sexually boring as well so he would find his fun elsewhere and would generally use Tracy just to take him places.

Some friends of his who were in a band called Psycho were doing a gig at the University of New Hampshire one Saturday, so they invited him to come down and join them onstage for a song. He got Tracy to drive him and when she came over GG walked out in his black robe and jockstrap. She looked at him and asked him if that was how he was going. "You're fucking right I am," he replied, and they drove off to Durham. When they got there GG made a point of walking down the heart of Main Street. Everyone was looking and walking but he kept right on walking as he handed out GG Allin flyers. Along the way he took a piss on the street in front of some man and his daughter. When they made it to the concert hall they were approached by some police officers who told GG that he better go put more clothes on. They said that somebody had called in complaining that he was flashing little girls. They started walking away

and when GG noticed that the cops had left they turned around and went inside.

GG was already drunk, and drunker he would get. He and Tracy went backstage to talk to the band and ended up fucking on the floor. As GG walked out on the stage he fell over the drum set. When everything was finally together and Psycho started playing GG ran out and started thrashing around like he was on fire. Everyone backed off but the police soon rushed in and dragged him out. "On the way out I remember grabbing some girl Linda Perry and looking square into her eyes and saying, 'Help me'". The cops got GG outside and told him that if he returned he was going to jail so he and Tracy made it to the car and went home.

Around this time Tracy got picked up for DWI, drinking while under the influence, while GG was passed out in the back seat, so their days of going out were becoming numbered. While he was hanging out one day he met some kids on the street that told him about the parties at Trisha's and Sheila's and soon he would have to check it out. He was still living on Lake Ave. but he stayed at Tracy's when he felt like it and was still sneaking into Carol's building. Soon he would give up his Lake Ave. place to move back in with Tracy. She wanted them to work out real bad, but GG would not be satisfied with just one girl.

"I was now unemployed and a full-blown alcoholic, I was told. I was pissing myself often and pissing on Tracy in my sleep. A lot of times I would go out and end up crawling home and passing out on the floor before I ever got to the bedroom. I was going down to Trisha and Sheila's apartments and it would not be long before I would be unwelcome there. I was breaking things, fighting with people, pissing in people's mouths if they fell asleep, stealing food and underwear and one night I was so pissed off about something I took a baseball bat and smashed out the front door windows and walked through the glass cutting myself. On my way home I got lost. I was so fucked up I didn't even know where I was. Tracy just lived up the road, but I couldn't find it. I passed out in a snowbank then woke up frozen. I concentrated real hard. I tried stopping cars but everyone just tried to run me over. Then a friend of mine (one of the few I still had) rode by. He got me into his car and took me home."

GG crawled to the door and knocked. Tracy let him in and he started telling her that she had to take him somewhere. All pissed off she told him that it was 5 in the morning and asked him what he was talking about. GG told her that he had to go get even with someone, then he passed out. Tracy by this time had already grown to hate Trisha and Sheila. She also hated GG for going over there, but there was nothing she could do about it. At this time GG was also talking on the phone to a girl named Mary Jo who lived in Illinois.

GG and Tracy weren't having contact sex too often at this point. When Tracy would go to bed and get up for work GG was nowhere to be found, and when they were around together they were usually fighting. Tracy was no fun, so GG had to find it elsewhere. "But Tracy tried to please me. She also knew of my fetish for eating shit and putting it on my cock and beating off. So everyday before she went to work she would leave me a fresh pair of panties, a glass of piss and a baggie of shit. That way when I woke up I could get off." One night he took her car and told her he would be right back, but ended up going on a coke binge. He barely made it back in time for Tracy to go to work, and when he did arrive all of his shit was packed and sitting on the outside steps. Tracy was crying and screaming how she hated him and wanted him out of her life, but when she got back to work GG was still there and the tension between them kept building and building.

Mykel Board called GG one day and told him that he had a contract deal with him in the works with ROIR Cassettes if he was interested. He told GG that they wanted to put out a live cassette and that GG and Mykel were to get a band together along with a gig. GG told him to get right on it. It was perfect timing because GG had to get away.

Not long after talking to Mykel, GG ran into an old friend of his from the Jabbers days named Guy. He told GG that he was having a party at his apartment and that he should come

out. Al Chapple, Jimmy, Linda and some other old friends would also be there. GG was reluctant to go but finally decided he would. Tracy joined him for the occasion. Al and some others were going to be playing and when they got there Guy asked GG if he wanted to sing Gloria with them. GG thought it was a kickass idea and he sang out one of the best versions of Gloria he had ever done. "Everyone was spellbound as I sang. I had a way of making eye contact with an audience and would just stop them in their tracks." One night he stared at a girl at the end of a club that must have been 50-75 feet away from him, but his eye contact was so strong, out of 200 people he was singing just to her and she knew it. She left the club petrified.

"As I was walking through all the people at the party some girl walked up to me and told me she thought I was a worthless piece of shit, so I punched her in the face." The party was in an uproar and Guy informed GG that for his own safety he should leave. Everyone at the party was pissed and the girl's boyfriend had gone to get his gun, so GG and Tracy left quickly.

A couple of days later Mykel called GG back and told him that he had a gig for him The Cat Club in Manhattan, New York. He also informed GG that he had an all-star superscum band to play behind him. The band consisted of Sonic Youth guitarist Thurston Moore, Jay from Dinosaur Jr., Kramer from Shockabilly, Gerard Cosley from Homestead Records and the drummer from Mykel's band Artless. Soon GG was back on his Greyhound and heading to New York City. This would be his first gig in N.Y.C. since The Jabbers played CBGB's, but this time there would be a crowd of 400 or so.

GG arrived a few days before the gig so he went over to David Peel's. He stayed there a couple of days until they got into a heated argument, so GG pissed on his floor and left. They didn't talk for two years after that. "I got to The Cat Club the night of the show with Mykel's drummer I think. There were 2 other bands playing that night and Artless was one of them. The other was some slick band from Boston who were on CBS Records or some shit. They sucked, whoever they were. I remember we were throwing glasses at them in their dressing room and telling them how much we hated them. Then I was standing by the door as people were coming in, so I grabbed some girl walking through the door and dragged her backstage. I ripped her shirt off and started sucking her tits. Then I dragged her out on the floor where we wrestled in front of everyone. I didn't know who this girl was but for tonight she was mine."

"Neil Cooper from ROIR came up to us to see what I was doing. The girl told him to leave us the fuck alone. Then we went around to every table stealing people's drinks or taking drinks people left half-full. Then we headed to the ladies' toilet. We walked in and I demanded every bitch in the place give me their panties and piss. One girl gave me her bloody rag and I ate it right in front of her. I grabbed all the panties I got, drank all the piss, then me and this girl were headed back to the band room. I was unaware of anything else going on around me, but soon we were ready to go on. I heard my band start playing. As I was walking toward the stage one of the bouncers looked at me and said, 'This is New York City. There isn't anything you can do that will offend us. Then I looked at him coldly and said, 'Well then you don't know GG Allin.' I walked out and created the most chaos and anarchy that any N.Y.C. nightclub had ever seen."

This is what the Village Voice wrote about the show: (*put in Village Voice article*)

"About 14 songs into the set I was thrown out into the NYC streets in my jockstrap, still dripping of blood and shit. Trying to catch a cab was no easy feat. Somebody gave me a pair of jeans to put on, then I flagged down a cab that took me to Port Authority. When I arrived at Port Authority I walked in and headed for the bathroom. The Police all ran up to me to ask what had happened. Who had beaten my ass? Apparently they thought I was some victim of a violent crime. I told them to go away, that I was alright. I was a victim of my own violence. Then I caught a bus back to Boston, but the aftermath of this show would linger on like the smell of dead bodies."

The Village Voice wrote about it for 8 weeks in a row and the talk around New York City was all about GG Allin. Some thought he was a genius and others thought he was a retard exhibitionist, but GG didn't give a fuck what people thought. At the time GG had another show set up at CBGB's with Television's Tom Velarine, but that was quickly cancelled after the Cat Club show. Because of the violence of the show there was no recording of it, so now they had nothing to put out on ROIR.

Meanwhile back in New Hampshire, GG was back to his routine of being a complete asshole. One day a poet from Connecticut named Brian Clemons called GG up and said he was interested in doing a short film with him. He said that he couldn't find anybody as sick as GG that would do what he wanted, so GG told Brian to drive to New Hampshire because he was his man. He drove up with a guy named Malcolm Tent and they went over what they would do. This was March 2nd, 1987. They drove up into a secluded area of Hooksett, New Hampshire. The video they would shoot up there was a poem of Brian's called The \$20.00 Poem. It was freezing ass cold outside that day and the three of them walked through a few inches of snow to find their spot.

Brian was tied up to a tree without a shirt on. GG read the poem while improvising it a bit and throwing in all of the physical action. This included GG hitting and smacking Brian, pouring whiskey on him, sticking his dick in Brian's mouth and both of them spitting in each other's faces. During most of the poem GG's pants were down and he was playing with himself. By the poem's end, Brian's face was quite bloody. After this they went back downtown and over to Trisha and Sheila's place. Nobody was home so they broke in. They shot an interview there of GG and Brian with Malcolm once again behind the camera asking questions.

During the interview GG and Brian had a swordfight with their dicks, GG sucked Brian's dick and tits, and pissed and shit in his mouth. GG says here that he has four more years to live and that he will die onstage. GG punches Brian and himself until blood was dripping from his own face. They recite another poem of Brian's called Pretty Girls Make Graves. When they're finished they stick their tongues in each other's mouths, and the interview is over. "Then all of a sudden I heard the door open and an angry voice yelling out, 'Fucking somebody broke into our apartment and it's GG Allin! I know it, I can smell the bastard!' When Sheila saw us she just started screaming that the house smelled like shit and what a pig I was."

Trisha went to call the cops so they left in a hurry. They were drunk and decided to go driving around when they hit another car, but instead of sticking around they left the scene. They decided it was best to split up so Brian and Malcolm went back to Connecticut while GG went back to Tracy's. He turned the lights off and laid under the bed in case the cops came looking for him, but they didn't.

A few days later Mykel called GG up and said that Neil Cooper of ROIR was still interested in putting out some of his music. He was going to use the Superscum rehearsal tapes and Mykel was going to throw in some other GG material to put out a collection called "Hated in the Nation".

Also around this time GG got a call from Mike Edison. Mike was a writer and photographer for Al Goldberg's Screw Magazine. He wanted to take some nude photos of GG and do a story along with them. So they set up a time to meet in Boston's combat zone, the porno district.

This is what Mike wrote: (*insert Mike's article*)

Bloody Mess got in contact with GG again and told him that he was setting up a few shows for him in Illinois. GG told him it was cool and that he'd get back with him later on.

Meanwhile, GG got a letter from a 16-year old who lived in Nashua named Paula

Hughey. She wanted to get together with him. "Now any 16-year old girl was worth checking out. So I wrote her back and told her to meet me at McDonald's on Elm Street on the following Thursday at 4:00 PM. So on that day she arrived. She was a raggy-looking redhead. She told me she had her parents' car and suggested we go back to Nashua and get a motel room. I was not going to argue with that so off we headed for Nashua for what was going to turn out to be a night of more troubles. First of all when we got there she went to pick up some money at a friend's house. I remember she had some butter in her car, so when I went in I took the butter and spread it all over the driving wheel and the seat on her side so when she got in she would be covered in grease. She got pissed off, but she got over it. Another girl I could push to the limit."

"Then she dropped me off at a cheap motel. I told the owner I needed a room for me and my wife, then I paid him and he gave me the key. She then went out to do some other things and later she would return, so I started in on my drinking and running up the phone bill that I would never pay. When she returned with her friends I had the lights turned out and was hiding. When she walked through the door I jumped her and started hitting her with my nightstick. We all sat around getting drunk with the radio blasting out WBCN in Boston. I kept hitting this girl Paula with my stick. Everytime she would go to talk I would smash her as hard as I could in the kneecap. She was beginning to get furious and get friend got scared. Within an hour we heard sirens of police cars pulling in. Everyone except Paula and I ran into the bathroom and got out the window to their escape.

"Then the cops knocked - Paula jumped into bed to pretend she was sleeping. I opened the door and there stood three cops. They informed me I had to leave the motel because we were being too loud. It was about 3 in the morning. The cops asked me who I was. I gave them my identification. They asked who the girl was, and Paula got up and said, 'I'm Paula Allin.' I thought to myself, 'This has got to work or I'm arrested for rape.' She said she didn't have an I.D. but that she'd drive us back to Manchester. We told the cops we had just come back from Boston and we were tired and decided to crash in Nashua. These stupid fucks bought the whole story, but we wasted no time in leaving. Then we slept in her car on the side of the road somewhere till the next morning."

GG was still with Tracy, but he was also still going out all the time. Otherwise he was having long phone conversations with a girl named Mary Jo Zilch from Chicago, and a girl who was in the Army in San Francisco named Linda Perry. Linda was the girl at the Psycho gig at the University of New Hampshire that GG said "help me" to as he was being dragged away by the police. GG and Linda would talk for hours. She even gave him her friend's calling card number. "I told her if she gave it to me that I would not abuse it, knowing fully well that I was lying like a motherfucker. I would use it anytime I wanted to call anyone, and I did."

By now Bloody F. Mess had all the shows worked out in Illinois. This time GG bought a plane ticket. He would go in, do the shows, then fly back to Boston. That day GG and Tracy were fighting and she wouldn't take him to the airport, so GG took a bus to Logan Airport in Boston and was on his way back to Chicago. When he arrived in Chicago he took the subway to the Greyhound station, then Greyhound to Peoria again. The next night GG was scheduled to play The Exit in Chicago, the same place he had gotten kicked out of the previous tour. They hated GG, but he attracted big crowds. People wanted to see the madman in action. "Mike Edison would later call me The Indestructible Man. He saw me go through so much physical abuse and just walk away like it was no big deal. But I was part of my music, there was no separation."

All day at Bill's they sat around and got high, then that night they headed for The Exit. When they arrived people were waiting outside to get in. Bill's band Pile of Cows were opening the show up. During the Pile of Cows soundcheck the club owners went up to GG

and handed him a list of rules. "If I broke any, there would be no pay. I looked at the fucking list and threw it in the garbage. 'GG Allin goes by no rules,' I said to myself. Then I walked out the door, past the crowd, got into a cab that took me to the airport. In less than 3 hours I was back in Boston. I called the club with the credit card number Linda gave me and asked them who was playing. They said, 'GG Allin,' and I said, 'That's funny, GG Allin is in Boston tonight so go fuck yourself.' Then I took a bus back to Manchester."

Back in Manchester everything was as fucked up as usual for GG. He was always fighting with Tracy and couldn't wait for any chance to leave town. "One night out of boredom I called everyone I could think of in Manchester, people I knew and people Tracy knew. I must have called about 50 people. I would dial them up and when they picked up the phone I would just say, 'This is GG Allin and I'm going to kill you.' Everyone was out to get me. The word was out that if anyone ever saw me that I was a dead man."

One night when GG was talking to Mary Joe on the phone, Tracy was spying on him through an open window. She came in and started screaming at GG because she was all pissed off. "I hung up the phone and said, 'You stupid fucking cunt, don't you ever fucking spy on me again or you're dead.' Then I started punching the shit out of her and the next thing I saw was Tracy laying on the floor. I told her to get the fuck up, then I realized she couldn't. Tracy kept screaming, 'Call the ambulance!' so I called her mother and the ambulance to come over." When they arrived Tracy lied for him again by telling them she had fallen. Some of her ribs were broken. She finally did tell her mother what had happened, but her father would never know. Tracy's mother used to keep a lot from her husband. GG's parents wanted Tracy to press charges, but she didn't. While she was in the hospital GG had the whole apartment to himself. He was going out to clubs, but was basically keeping a very low profile. He was on everybody's hit list, so he would mainly stay at home, guzzle whiskey and run Linda's phone bill up. When her friend finally got her bill it was 800 bucks and Linda ended up paying for it. Their taking days were over.

Bobby Ebz from the band Genocide called GG up one day and told him that he was putting together a band for him, and that he had set up a show to play in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania on New Year's Eve. GG thought it was a cool idea and planned on going to New Jersey a few days early to hang out with Bobby until the night of the show. He Greyhounded to New York City then caught another bus to New Brunswick, New Jersey. When he arrived in Jersey, Bobby had a friend of his pick GG up at the station, then took him over to Bobby's place. As soon as GG walked through the door Bobby handed him a bottle of Jim Beam and pointed at some girl and told GG she was his.

She was an 18-year old beauty named Claudia. "I thought to myself, now this guy knows how to treat his guests." Throughout the night of heavy drinking and large amounts of cocaine, GG and Bobby became obsessed with violence. They got kicked out of someone's apartment and had the cops called on them, so they took out all of their aggression on Claudia. "Throughout the night we took turns beating her and pulling her hair. As the night went on we started beating her with mic stands, seeing who could hit her the hardest. If she fell down we would kick her and make her stand up again so we could beat her some more. If she tried to get away we would drag we back by her hair. Then we held her head back and at the same time we pissed in her mouth, then let her fall on the floor. Everytime we walked by we would keep kicking her. We did this until the sun came up, then Bobby went to his room and crashed out. I laid down on the couch staring at Claudia and masturbating. I told her to sit on my face. She sat on my face while sticking her fingers into her wet pussy. I sucked her cunt and fingers while I masturbated, then we both passed out."

When GG and Bobby got up in the morning Claudia was gone. A little later on they started heading for Philly. The band went in a van ~~along with two guys in the front seat of a car~~

while GG, Bobby and two girls were in the back seat. The girl that was with GG was taking Claudia's place. They were informed that Claudia had to go to the hospital because of what happened the night before. On the road GG and Bobby kicked right back into the whiskey drinking. The girl that was with GG looked like she didn't really fit in with the others. They called her Shiny because she looked so prissy and clean. "I started feeling her tits and she became quite uneasy. Then I worked my way down to her crotch. Now she looked scared. When she pushed me away it only made me want to do it all the more."

Throughout this GG and Bobby got into a fight over something. Bob took a swing at GG and just barely hit him, but it was enough to spark a fire into GG. He hit Bob in the head with a bottle, then they went at it. The driver pulled over because they were all over the car. They finally made up and they were off again. "I started back up again on Shiny and now Bobby was getting in on it. Soon she was crying for us to stop, but then we ripped her crotch open and started finger fucking her. I was putting the juice from her cunt on her tits and sucking them. Bobby had one tit and me the other and her pussy was both of ours. There was a lot of tension in the car. When we finally arrived in Philly, the girl jumped out of the car and ran towards The Crypt (the club), crying and screaming, 'I've been raped, please help me!' Bobby and I walked in denying the whole thing and looking for the rest of the band."

The band was already there and set up, so GG and Bob headed for the band room for more liquor and drugs. Somewhere along the way the two got into another fight. GG jumped down some stairs and kicked Bob to the floor, then they started punching the shit out of each other. When someone called out to them they stopped and went to check it out. The two were so alike that people could not believe they had just met the day before, some even thought that they could've been brothers.

Bobby was the lead singer for the band Genocide, but tonight he was GG's guitarist. They hit the stage and started in. "Within the first song I got jumped and thrown over the amp, knocking it over. Bobby just picked it up and continued as did I. We then blasted into Teacher's Pet. During Bobby's solo I got down on my knees, unzipped his pants and started sucking his dick. Then I performed an enema on myself. I could feel the warm liquid going up my ass as I started sucking the shit out. Then I blew it all over the audience while I recklessly beat myself bloody and worked myself into an uncontrollable rage. People were rushing the stage knocking over amps and drums but we would not stop until everything was broken or blown up. We did get through at least 5 songs before the stage looked like Pearl Harbor, but upstairs there were angry mobs of people. The talk was that we were rapists, perverts, homosexuals and I was a sick fuck. The talk was that we were going to be hit outside, especially me and Bobby."

The band loaded up the van and GG and Bobby collected what little money they gave them. They were informed that a truck was waiting outside for them, so two big guys picked them up and ran through the crowd like football players and literally threw them into the truck that was started and ready to roll. As soon as they landed in the truck it was off, but on the way out some guy hit GG in the face with a lead pipe knocking out some of his already jagged teeth. The crowd ran behind the truck chasing them as they drove off back to New Jersey. When they arrived back in Jersey, GG and Bobby hung out all morning drinking until they passed out, then they slept all day. That night GG went in to New York City to visit his old friend Emily. He stayed the night there and the next day he fucked around 42nd Street, then he went back home.

He bought a Village Voice one day and discovered that ex-Plasmatics guitarist Richie Stotts was looking for a vocalist for his new band. GG called the manager to see what the scoop was and told him that he was GG Allin. The manager asked him if he was the guy who played at the Cat Club he had read about in the Village Voice, and GG told him yes. With that the manager replied, "You're damn right we're interested. When can you be in New York

City?" GG told him anytime and said he would call him back in a few days so they could set something up.

At the same time GG was contacted by Gerard Cosloy, one of the heads of Homestead Records. Gerard also played guitar at the Cat Club show. He said that he wanted to sign GG to a 3 album, 5 year deal, so GG told him that he would get back in touch with him. He talked about it and most everyone thought the Homestead deal would be the best move as Richie would probably break up the band and go back to The Plasmatics eventually. Gerard sent the contracts, GG signed and returned them. He told Gerard that he wanted him to set him up with a band and that he wanted to record in New York City. Mike Edison called Gerard up and told him that he was the best drummer for the job, so he was in. Gerard set up 2 days of recording at The Music Box in Lower Manhattan and he got the rest of the band together. This consisted of Greg Bullock on guitar, Gerard himself on guitar also, Mike Kirkland on bass and Mike "Machine Gun" Edison on drums.

Soon GG was on another Greyhound and off to New York City. He stayed with Emily again for a couple of days. GG knew Emily since he was married to Sandy and she even stayed with GG and Sandy on a few occasions. GG had a lot of respect for Emily as a person and artistically. "I thought Emily was an incredible writer and performer. I loved all her work." They hung out on her apartment rooftop most of the night snorting coke and just talking. They could talk for hours. "It was great having an intellectual conversation with someone, something I couldn't do with Tracy."

The next day Mike Edison went over and they just hung out. GG didn't meet his band until 10 minutes before the recording, but they had the music and GG had the lyrics and that's what it was all about. They would do their thing and GG would do his. GG and Mike went out to get some shit to drink, Mike some beer and GG some whiskey. "I ended up getting so fucking drunk that I laid on the floor doing all my vocal tracks. Laying there screaming and squirming." They laid it all down and then split. GG found his way back to Emily's and passed out. The next night they finished it up and mixed it down. The whole LP was recorded fast, and when it was done it was done. The band was called The Holy Men, and the album "You Give Love a Bad Name", which was Gerard's idea.

After the mixing GG went back to Emily's and snorted coke all night until it was time to go to Port Authority and off to his next destination. This was Minneapolis, Minnesota where he was going to be doing a show at the Seventh Street Entry with a band called The Fucking Shit Biscuits. "On the way to Minnesota I realized that I wasn't real happy with the way the LP came out. I was too fucked up at the time, but now as I kept listening to it I thought it was more like a Gerard Cosloy LP with my lyrics and vocals. The next LP, I would pick my own fucking band. But the LP did have its great moments; Teenage Twats, Bloody Mary's Bloody Cunt, Swank Fuckin' and a couple of others. But that's how it went down, so that's the way it was to be released."

He arrived in Minnesota a few days early. This gave the band some time to practice before the show. During the day they hung out around town and then at night they practiced and hit the bars. One night they went to see The Trash Men (of Surfin' Bird infamy), then afterwards went over to an apartment where a bunch of girls lived. GG and Ron, The Fucking Shit Biscuits' guitarist, ended up sneaking into the bathroom and stealing all of their underwear, garterbelts, pantyhose, bras and anything they could find. The following night Ron ended up wearing the attire onstage.

One the night of the show they all hung out over at Ron's house. It was a big house where most of the band lived, practiced and split the rent. GG had done an interview on a local radio station earlier in the day and they were about to broadcast it. They were supposed to broadcast it that night and the following day also for those who would've missed it. During the

interview they played some of GG's records as well as some Fucking Shit Biscuits material. They all sat around getting high and drunk until it was time to hit The Seventh Street Entry.

They arrived at the club about the time it was ready for them to start playing, so the band hit the stage first and went into a long "Beer Picnic" introduction. "Then I walked out in my black robe, jockstrap and sunglassed. Ron was wearing a cowboy hat, smoking a cigar and from the neck down all the girls' underclothes we had stolen the night before. 2 of the band's friends were videotaping the show also. So anyway, I walked out and grabbed the mic and started in, 'Well who needs food, I want a beer picnic,' as the band cranked out some grungy death-sounding noise. Then I picked up the mic stand and started swinging it at the crowd. I was bashing everyone, then I hit some girl as hard as I could with the base of the stand. She fell to the floor as blood was gushing out of her skull. The ambulance was called in to take her to the emergency room as the band played on."

"I pulled my jockstrap down and started wrapping my cock around the stand. Then I took a bottle and broke it over my head and started carving up my body. I was bashing my face against the floor and swinging my body from one side of the stage to the other. I would then just stand there whispering with my body wrapped tight around the mic stand like I was a part of it. Then in a split second I was screaming and convulsing as I fell to the floor on the broken glass. I took a big part of a broken bottle and was slashing away at myself. I was also biting chunks of skin out of my body. I fell to my knees with my skin real tight and took the bottle violently ripping up my upper legs and thighs. When I stood up the skin had parted like a cunt and blood was all over me. I would remain bleeding all over myself, the stage and my audience."

The set consisted of: Beer Picnic, Bloody Mary's Bloody Cunt, Drink Fight & Fuck, Swank Fuckin', Tough Fuckin' Shit, Scars on my Body - Scabs on my Dick, Garbage Dump and an attempt at Stink Finger Clit. After the approximate 35 minute set, someone came onstage and grabbed Ron's guitar so Ron beat the shit out of him. The crowd was either yelling for more or how much they hated him. They invited everyone over to Ron's house after the show to party. When GG got back to Ron's he was a bleeding fucking mess. Everyone told him that he ought to go to the hospital but he refused. He ripped up a T-shirt and tied it around his leg to try to stop the bleeding. Then he found a bottle of vodka hanging around and started guzzling it to kill some of the pain. GG hung out most of the night avoiding the crowd downstairs. He didn't feel like talking to anyone or having to deal with interviews or stupid questions.

The following day GG woke up in tremendous physical pain and still bleeding, so he stumbled around making his way downstairs still drunk and in a daze. Eventually he went out to buy some more booze to drink his hangover away. Later that day they listened to the radio to see if they were going to play the interview again, but the time it was supposed to air the disc jockey came on with the following message: "Because of what happened last night at the Seventh Street Entry, we feel it's in the best interest of our radio station to cancel the GG Allin interview we were going to run at this time. A girl's skull was seriously cracked during the show and is still in the hospital. We feel that GG Allin's show provokes violence and obscenities beyond the limits and we at this station do not wish to promote this kind of action."

They all just looked at each other and Ron screamed out, "The fucking pussies - what the fuck do they expect?!" After this GG went upstairs to jerk off and while he was up there he noticed 5 videotapes marked GG Allin. They were tapes of the night before the show, so GG quietly snuck in to get his suitcase and stuck the videos inside. Then without saying a word to anyone he walked out the front door and ran down the street to catch a cab. "Nobody was going to fucking bootleg me. I just stole the fucking tapes and split." He took the cab to the bus station and headed off to Chicago to meet Sharon Rose.

When he arrived in Chicago, Sharon was late to pick him up, so he just hung around and

walked the streets. When Sharon did pick him up they went back to her condominium in Midlothian, Chicago. He stayed in bed for a week with Sharon providing him with nursing. "She would soon become my secretary and sister-like." GG was set to do an interview at WNUR in Chicago in a few days, so he called up his old friend Bill Clark to see if he wanted to join him. Bill told him sure, and it was set up that they would meet in Chicago then drive to the station.

Meanwhile at Sharon's, GG was drinking whiskey like water, passing out on her floor every night. When the WNUR interview night came up, Sharon drove GG into Chicago where they met up with Bill and then proceeded to the station. GG started drinking as soon as he hit the car. When they arrived the disc jockey who was going to do the interview was setting up the mics and getting ready.

"I walked in, threw my bag on the table and checked the place out to see what I could steal. In my bag was a jar of half-eaten peanut butter, a few records and about 10 baggies of cum. I was going to give these things away over the air. I always used to beat off into baggies, even when I was back home, then I would sell them for 2 bucks a baggie. When the DJ was ready I smacked my whiskey down on the table and we were ready. I remember throughout the interview the DJ kept getting upset at my foul mouth, but I did not give a fuck. This is just the way I am. We ended up having people call up to get what the DJ would say was a baggie of GG Allin's unknown substance. Then I would scream into the mic - 'Yeah, cum for all you fucking girls out there (or guys)!' Then the guy asked me what I thought of Chicago. To which I replied - 'There's too many fucking niggers.' Instantly at that point we were shut off as the phone lines were on fire. We were then told to leave the property as the radio station had to apologize to their listeners."

They left and decided to drive to Palatine for a club Bill knew of. When they got there GG was already drunk and out of his mind. They started drinking shots and being obnoxious to all the customers. After awhile they went outside and started smoking joints, one after the other. GG walked back into the club and tried to find the bar, but for some reason he was lost. He walked into the kitchen and told the cook that he wanted more whiskey. The guy looked at GG like he was fucking crazy and told him to go back to the bar. GG told him, "Fuck the bar, I want another double shot of whiskey." Then Sharon walked by and told GG that they should leave because they were going to throw them out.

GG doesn't remember leaving the bar or saying anything to Bill before he did leave. "The next thing I remember is riding down the highway puking out the window. We had to pull over about every 5 miles for me to puke my guts out. I could barely even talk. Then I jumped out of the car and started walking in the middle of the highway towards oncoming cars. Sharon was screaming at me that I was going to get run over as cars passed, honking their horns and skidding as I kept playing russian roulette with the oncoming cars." Sharon finally grabbed GG and put him back in the car. Further along GG passed out and they got pulled over by the pigs. Sharon did a lot of smooth talking and the next thing GG remembers is waking up on her floor.

GG was drunk out of his mind the whole time he was living at Sharon's. A lot of times he would call people in the middle of the morning making no sense at all and not remembering it the next day. After one night of heavy drinking he woke up feeling like the walking dead, stumbling around thinking about a lot of shit. He walked into Sharon's bedroom and saw two \$100 bills sitting there. They looked very tempting to him so his criminal mind took over as it always does. He got out his suitcase and went through all of Sharon's albums, picking out the rarities and imports. He was able to put 30 or so in his case. He went back into Sharon's room and took the 200 bucks and hit the road towards the train station, still drunk from the night before. After the long walk, he took the train into Chicago and then headed for the bus station. He was on his way back east a much richer man, leaving in his wake a very pissed off and hurt

Sharon Rose, along with a gang of niggers called The Pagans who were threatening his life, but who just didn't have enough balls to do anything with their threats. When GG got back to the east coast it would be a very different tune for him.

He called Tracy from the station as he always had, but this time she wasn't happy to hear from him and told him that he was no longer welcome in her apartment. "Now I was in a real fucking mess. I was a very cold, selfish motherfucker. Nothing else but me and my music mattered. I was my music, no separation, but now everything was turning on me. But just as with past girls and bandmates I didn't give a fuck." He decided to call his mother and stepfather. He told them that he needed to use the upstairs apartment once again and they said that it was OK.

Back in Littleton GG began to hit all the clubs again just as before, except this time he was hanging out on the streets more often. He met some of the locals who would also hang out on the streets and they would go into stores and steal as much beer as they could get and then find a drinking spot. When he stuck around at the apartment his whiskey drinking became even more out of control. "I was pissing myself every night. I would have to keep turning my mattress everyday so the following night I would have a dry area to sleep and piss on. The whole apartment smelled of piss. My parents were going to throw me out if I didn't quit drinking, so I had to find some plastic to sleep on and hide my bottles of whiskey." He continued to drink and pass out. Some nights he would call Mary Jo in Chicago and they would talk all night, then GG would pass out in the telephone booth.

Tracy was back in Manchester and seeing Jimmy again, but GG was allowed to go over and visit his daughter Nico Ann so every now and then he would hitchhike down to Manchester and sleep in the park or break into Trisha and Sheila's apartment with his friend Joel. Tracy had all of her neighbours on watch for GG so that if they ever saw him going over there they would call the police for her. One night he stopped by and kicked the door in and told her that he wanted her to go outside to talk. She went out on the steps and they started screaming at each other, so GG threw his whiskey bottle at her and left before the cops arrived.

"Joel and I broke into Trisha's apartment one night and before I left I took her 2 little cats and put them in the freezer. The next day she would come home and discover 2 frozen stiff cats stuck to the inside. She immediately knew I had been there."

On another occasion GG, Joel and CJ were in the back of a truck and GG threw a bottle at a fire engine. They got pulled over by the cops and GG along with CJ were arrested. Joel had a gun so he took off running and got away. GG and CJ were busted for pot, but the charges were eventually dropped due to the lack of evidence.

Meanwhile the ROIR cassette was released and GG was contacted by New Rose Records out of France. They wanted him to do an album for them, so GG contacted a guy named Patrick Mathe who was New Rose's A&R man. GG told him that he had enough unreleased material for a double album and Patrick told him that he was interested. They offered GG \$3,500 and a percentage of royalties. GG then counter-offered back to New Rose with a flat out \$5,000 without the royalties. "It may not have been in my best interest but I'm the kind of guy who lives for the moment, and 5,000.00 fucking bucks looked fucking great at the moment." But this is how GG fucked up in time to come. He never thought about tomorrow, so he signed the contract and the deal went down. Needless to say the money was gone before the album came out.

He still had Sharon's albums though and he knew she would want them back more than anyone else so he called her up and made her an offer to buy them back. He believes that she gave him \$200.00 for them. Sharon never forgave GG for the kind of cruelty he put her through, but they still remained on talking terms.

Around April of 1987 Jeff Clayton and Joe Young of the band Anti-Seen decided to see

if they could get GG down to Charlotte, North Carolina to do a show. They had heard about GG for quite some years, but never heard any of his music at all. Joe called GG up and left the message on his answering machine that he dared GG to bring his one 1-inch dick down to South Carolina. They started getting in touch but GG was undecided. He was offered \$200 which would just about cover his bus fare so on one side of the fence he saw a long fucking bus ride and a loss of money, but on the other he saw himself getting out of Littleton and getting away from all kinds of bullshit.

His parents were getting to the point of kicking him out because of the smell of liquor and piss. So GG called Mike Edison up and told him about the gig and Mike told him that his band The New York City Sheiks would drive down with him if they could get on the bill. Now this sounded cool to GG, so he told Joe it was a go. The show's date was changed twice and finally ended up being the 13th of either June or July. The scheduled hall was a 30x30 foot block building with sort of a dirt floor and a stage that was falling down called The Church of Musical Awareness. A couple of months earlier, the owner of the club had stolen a thousand dollars from Anti-Seen at a gig, so instead of taking the law into their own hands they figured they would get him back when GG came to town.

So GG bought a bus ticket and headed to New York City. He then took a subway to a lower Manhattan rehearsal space to meet up with the Sheiks. They got drunk and fucked about til around midnight, then loaded the van for the all-night and next-day ride to South Carolina. All night GG, Edison, George (Raunch Hands), Mike Furbusch and a couple of other guys sat in the back of the van drinking and smoking dope.

The next day Jeff Clayton went to the hall with Anti-Seen's Traynor PA system. It was small with a 15" speaker plus a horn on each side. Other bands including SNFU bitched and cried about its size, but it was large enough for the 30x30 foot building. A blue van pulled up and people started piling out. Jeff spotted the Stones' Black and Blue tour T-shirt and knew that it was GG. He introduced himself and took him into the club. GG commented, "Yeah – nice and sleazy, I like it." He yelled into the PA and said, "Yeah! – Great!" Jeff had contacted a band from Athens, South Carolina called The Primates to back GG up. They weren't at the hall yet so Jeff took GG and the Sheiks to the Cricket Inn Hotel half a mile away.

On the way over to the Cricket Inn, GG asked Jeff how far he could go at the hall during the performance. The sky was the limit. When they arrived at the hotel they sent the straightest looking one in to get the key. GG took in his shit and showed Jeff the Screw Magazine article on himself that was written by Edison called The Troubled Troubadour of Tomorrow. GG thought it was a classic. They were hanging around shooting the shit and Jeff asked if they wanted to go set their equipment up and found out that they had none, only guitars. Now he was hoping that The Primates would bring theirs.

Around 2 or 3 PM Jeff headed back over to the club to see if The Primates were there yet. They were, but also brought nothing but guitars, so Jeff called Joe, who had to work up until the show and went over to his place to get his guitar amp. Anti-Seen's bass player was out of town but being in desperate need Jeff broke into his house and stole his bass amp. Their drummer lived in a different state, but luckily a local music instrument store had one to rent for \$40. At about 6 PM Jeff had it all set up in the hall. He went back to the Cricket and got GG and The Sheiks back over to the hall. GG wanted everyone out of the club during his soundcheck with The Primates. It lasted 10 songs and GG was satisfied with their ability. After the soundcheck they opened the doors and started letting people in. Jeff and Joe had a duplicate stamp as the clubs so they started collecting cash and stamping hands in the parking lot. The club ended up with about \$200 and Jeff and Joe \$400-500. They paid GG, paid for his hotel room plus a hundred dollars to boot, and had \$100 left that they kept.

GG and The Sheiks were back at the hotel as The Primates started the show off with an

instrumental set because there was no mic stand. It lasted about 30 minutes. The cops showed up, but only to get the kids out of the street. There was an article in the local paper about GG and his show at The Church of Musical Awareness, so Jeff figured they had come to stop the gig but he was glad to find out that he was wrong.

GG and The Sheiks arrived and The Sheiks went up dressed in a kind of arab-drag type apparel. They played for about 45 minutes as GG waited outside in the van. The crowd was warming up.

GG hit the stage next. There was a guy there named Avery who went up to GG, pulled out his dick and started whacking him with it, saying, "Now here's your chance to see the guy with the smallest dick in the world." With this, GG pulled out his dick and they rubbed cocks. GG then took his coat off and they started up a blues riff while GG lay on the floor busting his head open with the microphone. "Does anyone want an enema?!" came out of his mouth. With that he laid facedown with his ass staring at the crowd as he delivered a fleet enema into it. He squirt some shitty water out into the 130 people in the crowd. Between 30-40 people in the audience ran out the door. Then GG jumped off the stage, squatted and took a shit on the floor. Now people were running frantically everywhere. He smacked his face into his shit, rubbed it on his body and threw the rest at the crowd. The door was now jam packed with people trying to escape.

By now there were only 50 or 60 people left in the hall. They did a couple of songs and the drunk dude Avery goes up to the stage and stared at GG. After a bit of this GG punches him and they started fighting. When he got back up onstage, he blew snot all over the place, shoved the mic up his ass and pulled on his nuts. The only thing in the hall was a couch, so GG jumped on it and grabbed a girl by her neck. Jeff grabbed GG by the waist and threw him down, because the girl GG had by the neck was one of Jeff's girlfriends. There was a girl in the middle of the floor who was reluctant to move until GG grabbed her by the hair and shirt. After he dragged her up onto the stage, her shirt ripped off revealing her tits. As she escaped her boyfriend went up and hit GG in the ear. GG hit the ground and the boyfriend and Avery jumped on him. Meanwhile The Primates are still jamming. Two more guys jump in and now it's 4 on 1. So Joe jumped in, threw GG to the side and gave him his coat. The both Joe and Jeff tossed two of the guys off and the other two left after some threatening. GG was covered with sweat, shit and blood.

Outside the hall people were waiting for GG with bricks, lead pipes and broken bottles. Jeff drove the car to the front door and beeped the horn as Joe and GG came shuffling out with GG's coat covering his head. The peeled off and the crowd started scrambling for their cars. GG had his head down in the car. When he looked up at Jeff they both busted out laughing. Jeff dropped GG off at the hotel and then went back to the hall to lock it up. When he went back to the hotel a bunch of cars arrived. A shitload of people started pounding on GG's door. GG took a shower and they were still there afterwards, so GG decided to call the cops. When they arrived some girl told them that GG shit and ate it and tried to rape her. GG replied with, "I think she's exaggerating." The cop told GG that he was sick and for everyone to leave and let GG be. They hung out until 3 AM and Jeff left.

The next day The Sheiks headed for Florida for a vacation while GG went back to New York City. "Florida I did not care to go to. My idea of fun is darkness, not the sun." Soon after he was back in Littleton.

~~The New Rose album was out now but he was still waiting for the Homestead release.~~

GG and Tracy started to talk again because she and Jimmy weren't working out, so soon after GG convinced her to let him move back in with her at her Beech Hill Drive apartment. As soon as he moved in with her he was already setting up another show in NYC at the Lismar Lounge. This would be his first gig back in New York since the Cat Club gig, so off to New

York he went.

This time he stayed with Mike Edison in Brooklyn. The band was set up by Gerard from Homestead and the night before the show they all got together at a rehearsal space in New York City. GG wasn't at all happy with the band and was pissed, so he told Gerard that the band was lame, that he fired them all and that the gig was off. GG and Mike went off to a different New York Club called The Dugout and drank. They argued back and forth and then GG finally decided, "Fuck it, what the fuck do I care. If anyone in the band fucks up I'll just beat the shit out of them onstage." Edison agreed so the next day GG called Gerard and told him that they were going to do it. They might suck, but at least they would suck out loud.

The next night they played like a completely different band. They pounded and played with a fury. "The band was on top of it and the crowd we had in the palm of our hand." The next day the Village Voice wrote this: "Last night I watched a self-tattooed wildman exposing himself, hanging himself on live wires, breaking out the ceiling and abusing himself and the audience. I for one moved to the back when I was hit. The audience was definitely assaulted."

After the show, GG the band and a lot of the audience held court at their favourite bar, The Dugout. "There were still bloodstains on the wall from the last time I was there. Then Edison told me he would buy me a drink if I pissed on Gerard. For a drink I would do anything, so I did - I pissed on my own record company president. That night at The Lismar was Lenny Kaye (Patti Smith Group) whom I drank with. I was talking to Lenny while bleeding in my beer, and also the mondo film producer Richard Kern."

Back in New Hampshire things were still rough. GG's drinking and fighting continued. His brother Merle, whom he hadn't been in close contact with due to his first marriage, was now divorced and bandless, so they decided to try and put a band together. They hadn't played together since their days back in Vermont, and both had been through their battles. They decided to put some ads out in the Boston Phoenix for a guitarist and drummer. At this time Merle was big-time into dealing coke which meant a lot of free coke for GG when they were together. They went through a lot of people, but nobody seemed to be right or else they were afraid of their reputations being spoiled. GG was not the guy to associate with if you had any friends, but they finally found a guitarist named Nava, from the suburbs of Boston, and a drummer named Chris Burkoff. They decided to call the band The AIDS Brigade.

Homestead wanted GG to release something inbetween his first and second album, so they booked some studio time. GG wrote 3 songs: Expose Yourself To Kids, Gypsy Motherfucker and Hanging Out With Jim. They practiced the songs and waited for the studio time to roll around. Meanwhile they hung out at The Rat Club almost every night in Boston. Sometimes Tracy would join GG, but he mainly preferred to be alone. Nava was the good-looking guy in the band so if GG and Merle saw him hitting on some girl they would go over and tell the girl that she had to fuck them first. Nava lost many girls thanks to GG and Merle, but that's what they did, hung out, got fucked up and fucked around Boston.

One night they went to The Rat and some girl was there that they knew along with some of her girlfriends. This girl was always chasing GG and Merle, but she was real ugly, as was her girlfriend. Anyways, GG and Merle invited them over to their table and told them that they wanted to fuck the shit out of them. They figured this would be a good way to get them to buy them drinks, so all night long the two girls spent their money freely on GG and Merle, and also took them out and gave them some coke to snort up. After the coke they all went back into the bar for more drinks. At the end of the night they decided to drop the two girls and find some others, so GG walked up to the one, put his arm around her and told her that for \$50 she could suck his cock. She told GG that she had already spent all of her money on him, but he told her that it was the only way she was going to suck his cock. They knew the girls were out of money, so they blew them off. After this GG went out to her car and kicked all of the windows

out of it.

By now The AIDS Brigade was ready to record. They did the recordings in 2 nights. The first night they recorded and the second night they mixed it all down. "The night we recorded seemed to be a night of band chaos as well. Everyone running around the studio while Merle and I spent most of our time in the bathroom with the cocaine flowing freely in our noses. I remember when doing my vocals I was so fucking wired I couldn't sing anything right, so on the backup vocals Nava actually had to physically hold me back while Merle and Chris did their parts." The record came out but the band had no gigs and nothing planned so they drifted apart. GG didn't really give a fuck because at least they got the record out and that's what he was concerned with the most. Besides this they did continue to hang out whenever GG was in Boston.

Back in Manchester the battle still continued. GG and Tracy could never go out together because all of her friends hated him, and if they did go out she was afraid that he would leave with someone else. Tracy's mother hated GG so much that she even told GG that she wanted to pay somebody to kill him. "She came over one day after Tracy and I had been drinking all day. I was upstairs but I could hear her talking about me, then I lost control. I came downstairs and called her a useless cunt. Then I threw a glass at her head, just missing her and shattering off the wall. We were yelling and screaming at each other while Tracy was in the middle crying. I then told her if she didn't leave I would personally throw her out the door. She said if I laid one hand on her that she would have me thrown in jail, then she left. This was our environment, this was the way we lived. Soon it just came to a explosive head. Tracy could not deal with my drinking and sporadic moods of violence and I could not deal with stopping. Again I needed my own place. Tracy was just so fucking boring and I was still having intercourse with the devil." So one day GG went out and got himself a job at a wire factory called Carol Cable and soon afterwards found himself in another downtown boarding room on Walnut Street. He went over to Tracy's, got his trunk and told her to fuck off and that he never wanted to see her again. At this point he was sick of everyone.

"For the next year I disassociated with everyone except Jim Beam. I would leave my room only to go to work or a rare phone call, mostly to Sharon. I would lock myself in my room every night and drink myself unconscious, still turning the piss-filled mattress. I did not want to tour, record or even talk music. I would walk the streets with my bright flowered little suitcase and eat at the soup kitchen every night. I spent 10 bucks or less on eating. I was back to peanut butter sandwiches, and when the bread was gone, peanut butter on a spoon. I wore one pair of pants everyday without washing them and never took a shower. I had bottles of Jim Beam completely covering the whole floor of my room, one spoon I ate with wrapped in a baggie and I kept a dirty syringe for mainlining. This was my existence. Whenever people saw me on the streets they would walk the other way or they would say, 'Is that GG? I can't believe how low he's sunken and let himself go.' My best friends were the winos and bums at the shelter. I never went to clubs anymore because I couldn't get in. I was truly living the life of a man inside himself, never wanting company. At night I would shut off all the lights and prop things in front of the door. I only went out when I had to, and lived like this for about a year."

Then one day GG got a tape and letter from a band called Bulge out of Boston. The tape really impressed GG. A little while later he received another letter saying that if he needed a band for any reason to give them a call. Throughout the year GG was not in touch with anyone, but he did do a lot of writing about his life. He was sick of all the people starting to rip him off by bootlegging his material, so it was time to do another album. "This one would be the LP I had to get out of me." So he wrote back to Bulge and told him that he was interested in coming out of seclusion at least to record an album. He found an unknown studio in Manchester in someone's house and booked some time.

About a month later Bulge drove up to do the album with no rehearsal or nothing. They went in and laid down the tracks the first night, then GG took the tape home overnight. The next day he had all of his lyrics to all the songs, so the next night they went back into the studio for GG's vocals and to mix it down. "I was so involved with my inner feeling that Charlie Infection and Johnny X would have to stand beside me so I didn't smash all of the studio equipment or fall down the flight of nearby stairs, which I almost did. It just came out. The whole fucking year and most of my past." By the time they were set to mix it they were so stoned out of their minds that they had to go back and remix it the following day. "This one would be my bible - Freaks, Faggots, Drunks and Junkies. If that's the way it was then why not put all the cards on the table."

After the album was recorded GG went back into seclusion. Tracy and Nico went over one day uninvited and GG threw them out. He didn't want any company.

Soon after he received a letter from Mike Edison and The Sheiks. They told him that they had a gig for him in Montreal, Canada and that everyone was excited about it. GG was still working so if he went he would lose his job, and probably his room shortly afterwards, but he was ready for the gamble. He called them back and told them that he wanted to do it, so they set it all up. The Sheiks drove to Montreal from New York City, so GG would have to bus it up through Vermont and meet them from there. He packed his paper bag and hit the road. He didn't have to worry about clothes or luggage because he had none, just a simple lunch bag.

It was about 5 hours before the bus hit customs. At the border they pulled people off the bus for a check at random. "I knew the way I looked that I would be one of them, so they pulled me off and asked all the many questions those assholes always ask. 'Where are you going?' 'For how long?' 'Purpose?' 'Luggage?' Obviously I had to lie about my purpose as I had no working papers, but when they asked me about my luggage I gave them my paper bag. They just looked at me and asked, 'Is this all you have?' I replied, 'That's all I own besides what I have on.' Then they opened the bag to find only a jockstrap and a bar of Ex-Lax. They questioned me about it. The jockstrap was hard to explain; it was green from fungus mixed with caked-on shit and blood. I told them I had problems with my organs and that I had constipation trouble." They held the bus up for 2 hours at the border and then finally let them pass through. If GG had not been on a bus they probably wouldn't have let him in.

When he got into Canada, Angie, from the band Schlonk who was also playing, came to pick him up. This was a couple of days before the show, so GG had some time to kill. All the bands that were already there just hung out, got drunk and smoked hash. "I spent most of one evening in the woman's room letting girls piss on me and drinking it, fighting with Edison on the street, stealing food from early morning shops then hitting every bar until it was time for breakfast." They found a little time to rehearse but GG doesn't remember it. He didn't like the band they had for him anyway, so for the show Edison would play guitar, Angie would play bass and some Canadian kid on the drums. They were called The Swankfucks.

The gig they were playing was a 3-day event called The Shock Art Festival featuring bands from all over the world. The day GG was set to play they did a quick soundcheck, then GG did an interview and later met up with a guy named Fudgie and a friend of his. They went down to the porno section of Catherine Street in Montreal. Fudgie told GG of some stripper he knew who was getting off work, so they went off to find her. When they got to the place where she worked, they told her to come out and hang with them, so she did. "We went to some parking lot. Then we made her pull down her pants while we licked her ass then took turns seeing who could beat it the hardest. I won." Finally GG convinced her to dance onstage for him that night but told her absolutely nothing about himself or his shows. He also didn't say anything to the band about the stripper dancing onstage.

They waited until about 5 minutes before it was time to play, then they went into the band

room. GG immediately ordered a tray of drinks for him and the girl, the band was just about ready. GG was still fucking with everyone in the room, so he told the band to go up and stall by doing an instrumental introduction. "Then I heard them start up. I was already undressed and in my jockstrap. Now the girl came out completely naked. What a fucking body she had. The band still had no idea of what I had planned. They expected me to come out but instead this naked girl walked out onstage and started dancing & fingering her cunt and ass. Within about a minute I was out joining her. Bu now she was laying on the floor and my face was buried in her cunt. I was sucking her cunt like I was lost in it and almost forgetting I was onstage. Then I got up and wrapped the cord around her neck, choking her. Next I took a shit on her and started licking it off her body and spitting it at the crowd. She was starting to freak out now. I had turned on her instantly. I sat on her face, making her suck my cock while I had her forced down and still strangling her. Then I grabbed the mic and went into Wild Riding as she made escape."

"I then jumped on a table and dove into the crowd swinging and punching. I grabbed another girl and got her to the floor. Soon the strap was off completely. I would attack the crowd as the bouncers would pick me up and throw me back to the stage. I cut and bit and clawed myself bloody. I bashed my face and teeth in. I smashed my head into the glass-covered floor as blood was pouring out my body. Behind me my bass player Angie was puking at the sight of it all. Then I would jump up on another table and with full force plunge myself onto the hard floor. The packed house looked on in anger and fear for what lasted about 20 minutes, then we were off."

Backstage, all GG could hear was, "You fucking liar, you two-faced fucking liar!" from the stripper as well as others who were assaulted by the attack. GG, the band, and a bunch of followers left and walked the streets of Montreal all night. It was one bar after the next until the 15 or so dwindled down to the hardcore 4 or 5. GG got in a fight with Edison over something, but GG doesn't remember much except punching Edison in the face and him bragging about getting hit by GG and not getting knocked down. The next day GG woke up in a bed with about 4 other people and could hardly move. "I felt like I had in El Paso after the Texas Nazi show."

Fudgie and his friend had left to go back to Vermont where they lived, so GG told them that on the way home that he would stop in Burlington for a night and party with them. The NYC Sheiks were on their way to New York City and GG was now once again on his own via Greyhound to Burlington, Vermont. When he arrived at Fudgie's they headed over to see GG's old schoolbuddy Hayden Singer and his wife. They drank whiskey all night and talked about all of the times they had together. All night GG didn't feel well at all, but the whiskey was killing his pain. The next day he got on the bus and took some codeine that someone gave him so he could sleep off the journey.

When he arrived back in Manchester he could hardly walk. He was laid up in bed, so just like in El Paso he dragged himself out to the Hospital Emergency room. The doctor told him that he had a broken shoulder bone and blood poisoning, so he would spend the next week in a hospital bed.

When GG got out of the Hospital he no longer had a job plus only 3 more weeks to stay in his room, so he just hung out and waited to see what was next. He was still a very unpopular person in New Hampshire. "One night I went in to buy a sub sandwich at an Elm Street Subway. I heard some people talking and laughing at me. I took the knife out of the guy's hand making the sandwich, walked over to the people and told them if I heard one more word someone was going to die. The place fell silent. Then I took the knife and walked out. If I was walking down the street people would just drive by and throw bottles at me. One time I grabbed a rock and threw it back and it hit a cop car and got arrested. This is what I had to put up with everyday."

Around this time there was another band that GG was hearing a lot about called The Murderers. He met a couple of them one night in Boston, but he was so fucked up that he didn't remember. Larvie, the singer told him that he introduced GG to some girl he was with and GG punched her in the face. He doesn't remember it, but he knows that it was very possible. One day when GG was out, The Murderers went to his room and made themselves at home, leaving him a note and a pile of beer. GG decided to give them a call and he told them that he wanted to do a tour. He said that he had been out of touch for a year but was ready to go out on the road and wing it, so they left it at that for the time being.

One day just for the fuck of it GG walked over to see Tracy, not knowing what to expect after a year. He knocked on her door. Surprisingly she was shocked to see him, but seemed quite happy as well as his daughter Nico. I'm not really sure if GG went over out of compassion in that he had no money and needed another place to live. Probably the latter. But somehow GG managed to get her to let him move in once more, 'What did she see in GG Allin' one would have to wonder, it was obvious he was untamable. Right after he moved in he got a gig up in Maine at Geno's through a guy named Richard Julio. He was going to be opening for the band Fang from San Francisco, California. So back to the bus station and off to Maine.

GG had no band and would be doing his gig with taped music playing behind him. But that didn't stop GG. Sometimes without a band he could become more empty and vile, while is exactly what happened at Geno's. Within 10 minutes of the set the power was cut off as GG assaulted the entire crowd and dragged a waitress down at knifepoint. But GG continued in even after the power was out. They had to literally drag him out screaming as he then went and passed out under Fang's tour van. The next day he bused back to Tracy's.

GG & Tracy began hanging out around Manchester again, but she could not control GG or his drinking. It was now even worse than she could remember, she couldn't bring him to any of her friends' houses because they all hated him. And as long as she stayed around GG, none of her friends would have anything to do with her.

One night they went to a bar called The Salty Dog on Elm Street. GG was so fucking drunk he was staggering and insulting the other patrons. At least that's what the police report reads. GG had no more than just ordered two more drinks for him and Tracy when 4 police officers walked in and over to the table where they were sitting. They told GG to leave the club at once. He said he had just paid 7 bucks for two drinks and that he would not leave until they finished them. The cop's reply was, "I'm giving you one more warning," to which GG spit on the cop. Within seconds they had him on the floor handcuffed and beating him. Tracy was screaming, "Leave him the fuck alone!" She became so violent that they even arrested her. They were both put in the paddy wagon and taken off to jail.

Tracy had her mother bail her out, so she herself could bail GG out. But the Manchester Police Dept. was on to GG Allin. They stopped him all the time & harassed him, they even arrested him again a week later for indecent exposure for pissing on the sidewalk on Elm Street. It seemed like he could not go out into public view without being arrested or fucked with. GG was now considering moving to Boston with his brother Merle for the Allin Bros. blowout summer. Merle, who was now divorced, was also ready for just about anything at this point. GG was hanging out with a young highschool girl named Nadine, and Merle was putting the hit on all her young friends.

GG & Merle hit all the clubs, often with the other members of The AIDS Brigade, Chris & Nava. But when GG was drunk, his unpredictable moods would get them in a lot of trouble. One night at the pizza pad in Kenmore Square, GG slapped some bitch in the face right in front of her boyfriend because she said something he didn't like. Another time he heard someone at another table talking about him, so he jumped up on the table and kicked the person in the head.

Merle knew GG better than anyone and could sometimes tell when GG would strike. Then he could try and change the course, but not very often. GG was like a time bomb, he would build himself up and explode, attacking whoever was around, flipping out on the sidewalks, screaming and holding his head. And other times he was quiet. But one could never tell his thoughts. He could be talking to you and his mind could be anywhere.

GG and Nadine went to a party in Dorchester with some GG fans Doyle, CJJ, Thibs and others. This also ended up with GG, Nadine & Doyle all ending up in the slammer for disorderly conduct & public drunkenness. Doyle & Nadine got bailed out, but now the past would catch up with GG. He was held without bail for a warrant in Lowell, Massachusetts for the time he never went back to court after he and The Jabbers got busted for a show back in the early 80's. So the Lowell Police Department came to get him, and kept him locked up for a few days until a court date could be arranged.

When GG did appear in court with his ripped jeans and filthy stench, the judge threw the case out and told GG Allin never to show his face in that county again. GG ran out of the courtroom and caught the next bus back to Merle's in Boston. Even in Massachusetts the law was on his ass.

One Fourth of July night, Mucous came to town. He had since joined the Army and was stationed in Ohio. They took his car and as many people who could squeeze in and went to Salisbury Beach, Massachusetts for the big fireworks event. GG got into a fight with Mucous at the very start because GG burned an American flag and told Mucous he was a fag to be in the Army. But within a couple hours it was forgotten. There were thousands of people gathered for the fireworks event. But GG, Merle & their crew did some fireworks of their own. They had some rocket bombs and M-80's, and while the people looked into the sky to see the fireworks, GG's clan was aiming their payload at the crowd. They hit a lot of people. That next morning when they got back to Boston, GG and Mucous counted out 33 laws that they had broken the night before, and for once they did not end up jail. Quite a night it was.

Merle, GG and Lenny headed to The Channel one hot summer night to see The Butthole Surfers. GG was sitting at the bar when a tiny girl with a shaved head approached him and asked if he was GG Allin. He said without hesitation, "No—why?" But she was persistent. "I know you are," she said. "So what then." She told GG how much she admired his music and it didn't take long for Merle to arrive at this situation. But Merle was the ladies' man, he had a way with them that I did not have. He convinced her to leave her boyfriend behind and come back to his place with himself and GG—it didn't take all that much convincing.

Back at Merle's he and GG thought they were both with this girl, whose name was Mishie. But as they all lay in bed, GG became rough, biting at her tits as hard as he could until she would scream. Merle was being a gentleman—somewhat—and GG was being the beast. Soon Merle slipped some valiums into GG's whiskey and he passed out. From that night on Merle and Mishie were inseparable. But it was still the 3 of them. Sometimes Tracy would come down and hang out, but GG and Merle discouraged it, especially Merle. He hated Tracy; everytime she came down, GG and her got into violent fights.

At this time, GG was trying to set up a tour with The Murderers, but it was not an easy task. They did manage to set up a couple of shows, one in Washington D.C. and one in Chicago, but they would go anyway. They could pick up gigs on the road, or so they thought. Gerard from Homestead called up GG and informed him that the Morton Downey Jr. Show wanted him as a guest against the PMRC on a battle against censorship. GG agreed as long as they got travel expenses and a place to crash & burn. That would be how they would start the tour. GG phoned up The Murderers, who jumped at the opportunity. The Murderers' Larvie, Bob, Dave and a couple others picked up GG in front of The Rat in Boston. Also Merle and Mishie would be coming along just for the Downey show. GG had brought along a few cases

of beer and a couple bottles of Jim Beam to add to the party supply already stored up in the van.

When the van pulled up at the Hilton Hotel in Secaucus, New Jersey they all walked in and the smell was cause enough for alarm. GG walked up to the register with a bottle in each hand and said, "We're here to do the Downey show, where are our rooms." Without waiting for any reply, GG & The Murderers found the hotel lounge and began stealing all the peanuts at every table. GG walked into the conference room and ripped a phone out of the wall. They were loud and boisterous, insulting everyone until security was called and they were told to leave. GG was pissed off so he immediately called the producers of the show and demanded another room or they could fuck off. They told GG to calm down and quickly went to work to find them a place.

The next place was at the Red Roof Inn. Everyone at this point was saturated with alcohol except Merle & Mishie, who were the only ones who had it together. They became so frustrated with the whole scene that they paid to have a separate room for themselves. What happened next is unclear, apparently everyone left the room to take walks around. Somehow Merle & Mishie ended up with the keys to the room and when GG wanted to get back in they were nowhere to be found. GG was furious—when he wanted to do something he did not want to wait, so he kicked the door in. The Murderers heard this and they came running to see what had happened.

What happened next is even more unclear—but the destruction was as follows—TV smashed, air conditioner trashed, windows broken, walls spraypainted with swastikas plus "GG Allin & The Murderers KILL ALL", shit all over the bed, a bible put into the toilet & puked on, walls kicked in. Then they found Merle & Mishie and split. They went down to Channel 9's studios, parked the van and managed to get up on the studio rooftop where they all passed out either on the roof or in a satellite dish.

The next day during the taping of another cable show people were talking while GG and the band were in the audience, when suddenly the cops arrived and surrounded the building. As soon as GG stepped outside he was arrested and booked for malicious destruction over \$5,000 — his bail was set at \$10,000 at 10% so he could get out on \$1,000. Merle, Mishie and the band only had about \$300 between them, so after a lot of talking by Merle, Mother Allin wired the rest. Another \$700 GG never paid back, another bridge burnt.

The Downey show went on without GG. Morton called GG a self-tattooed bimbo with a voice like an electric lawnmower. He also went on to say that obviously GG Allin had a lot of problems and that he belonged in jail, but RJ Smith from the Village Voice defended GG somewhat. He said if you're going to have the first amendment for some artists, you've got to have it for all artists, including GG Allin. He also went on to say that GG was probably having a good time in jail.

But when GG got released, he and The Murderers had to abandon the tour because they had no money for gas, food or anything at all for that matter. Merle & Mishie had already caught a bus back to Boston, but Larvie knew of a place they could at least spend the night in NYC. So off they went.

When they got back to the city, GG called his buddy from NJ, Bobby Ebz. Bobby told him of a party at a club on the lower east side where they had rented a club for the night to throw a birthday party for Claudia, the girl Bobby & GG abused in NJ when he did the gig with Genocide. GG & The Murderers didn't even have enough money between them to buy a beer, but fuck it, they would go anyway, they loved to find a way to get fucked up.

When they arrived at the club GG didn't recognize anyone he might've known, so he walked in and just approached everyone in sight and told them he wanted a beer. he could not believe how many people bought him one. They set up a table and everyone in the band was off bumming beers and bringing them back. Soon the entire table was covered with booze, then in

walks Bobby with 3 bottles of wine to add to our collection. "This would be a great party after all," thought GG. Then Bobby took GG aside and turned him onto some china white (white powder heroin) — GG indulged in about four or five \$10 bags. This was by far another one of those high points in life, just like the time he first stuck a needle in his veins.

GG was so fucked up he quickly became out of control, falling over and yelling at people on the streets, "Fuck all you motherfuckers I'll kill everyone in my sight!" Soon the rest of the band had to toss him in the van and hold him in. He was trying to crawl out the windows, still screaming at anyone he saw. When they got back to where they were staying, the band carried him up the stairs and locked him in a room. Nobody else entered that room. The next day when GG woke up he was still high, the room doing a complete spin. GG had a hard time walking for awhile. So that was the outcome of the GG Allin & The Murderers tour. Now they were heading back to New Hampshire so broke they couldn't even pay the rolls. They had to take I.O.U tickets which it's believed weren't ever paid. At least not by GG Allin.

GG quickly resumed back to his brother's, but now with Mishie practically moved in, GG was not really a welcome sight. He was trying to talk Sharon into letting him come back to Chicago and live with her for awhile, though she wasn't quite sure. But the fact that she was even considering it was almost a yes to GG.

But GG did stay at Merle's a while longer, and once again Tracy came down and the four of them would go out on the town, first to the middle east club in Cambridge to see The Lyres. GG was also set to do an interview with some female rock journalist for some magazine. The interview ended up in a fight as GG tried to force himself upon the girl. GG didn't even care that Tracy was there, but the bitch was pissing him off. Soon he took his cigarette and put it out in her face. She was screaming to the owner and the GG Allin entourage was given the boot, then off to The Rat. While GG was talking to Tracy he was finger fucking some other girl under the table. Then Tracy took off, only to return to find GG making out with this girl. She spit at GG, told him to fuck off, called him a loser and she split. "No big deal", GG thought, "it's not the first time this has happened."

The next day at Merle's, GG got a phone call from Tracy's mother. She sounded very upset, and told GG that Tracy was in the hospital in intensive care. She tried to commit suicide last night. GG just hung up the phone cold. He caught the next bus back to Manchester and quickly got to the hospital. Even after all that, Tracy still wanted to see him. Tracy and her mother were at war — her mother wanted GG out of her life and her father wanted him dead. GG continued to stay at the apartment while Tracy was in the hospital. He would go visit her just about every day, and got a free meal at the hospital out of it as well. But he liked having her apartment all to himself. Nico was at her mother's.

One day another old friend of GG's who played some guitar on the Freaks, Faggots, Drunks & Junkies LP, Mark Sheehan called GG up and told him that Joann, a friend of both of theirs and someone who sucked on GG's dick in a club parking lot, also tried to commit suicide the day after Tracy. What a coincidence, they thought, it was enough for a suicidal celebration. Mark and GG decided to get together and do some recording about it. The tapes they made would be released about 2 years later as The Suicide Sessions.

But when Tracy got out of the hospital, everything started to come down hard on GG. The court date in New Jersey was coming up, he had 3 court dates in New Hampshire coming up, and he knew the law was coming down on him hard. He had to get off the east coast soon. His first New Hampshire court date was only days away when he called Sharon and said, "You've got to let me come out there, I've got to get out of the east coast soon." She finally agreed to let him stay with her.

GG woke up early, hung over as usual on the day he was to appear in court. Tracy told him she was too tired and she didn't want to go. This pissed him off, but fuck it, off to court he

went. Even in court he appeared as he always did, dirty, dog collar, ripped jeans, leather jacket. He didn't change for nobody. When he was sitting in the courtroom, watching all the other cases, his paranoia started to kick in. "Everyone is watching me," he thought. He got up and told one of the court guards he had to use the restroom, then he ran out the door as fast as he could.

He got back to the apartment still out of breath, grabbed Tracy and told her to move. She had to take him to the airport. "Don't ask any fucking questions," he snarled, "just move!" She did, as she wasn't sure exactly what was going on. But by the urgency of GG's voice she knew she had better do what he said. GG threw everything he thought he might need into a bag and off they went to Boston's Logan Airport. Merle & Mishie met them there, they all had a final meal and saw GG off. They said their goodbyes, GG gave Tracy a cold kiss, and he was off.

Two hours later he arrived at Midway Airport in Chicago, where Sharon was waiting to pick him up. The first things they did were go to a pizza joint, after which GG demanded they go to the liquor store for his Jim Beam fix. They rented a video camera and Sharon videotaped GG beating off all night. But when he first arrived he would only be there for a couple days. He already had another gig set up in NYC at The Lismar Lounge with a band called Sewer Scum from Staten Island. So he bid farewell to Sharon, informing her that he would be back in about a week and ventured off to NYC via greyhound. He had just left the east coast and was now going back. But for GG, living on a Greyhound bus was just a common thing...

"Enter at your own risk," is what the sign on the door said. Inside the Lismar Lounge the band was doing a soundcheck as people waited outside to enter. But as always, nothing was working out. Equipment failures, band problems, etc... GG was pissed off and screaming at everyone. Soon he told everyone to fuck off and he would be back when it was time to go on. GG went out with Bobby Ebz and some members of his band to score some china white. Then they came back to the club and GG crawled under a table so as not to be noticed and began snorting the substance all night long as well as imbibing 2 bottles of Jim Beam.

As he was sitting under the table he could hear a female voice cutting through his eardrums. Somebody was talking about him, he didn't exactly know what this bitch was saying, but it didn't matter. If they were talking about him it had to be a plot. GG's paranoia kicking in again, he immediately jumped up and grabbed this bitch and threw her to the floor, yelling, "If you've got something to say cunt, say it to my fucking face." After being dragged off her by many bouncers he came to realize it was Lisa Suckdog, the girl who claimed to have been a former sex partner of GG's. She was being filmed by Peter Dematio and GG just made a spectacle of the whole event. But he didn't give a fuck, after he knew who it was he was glad he tackled her.

Dope and booze were delivered to GG under the table throughout the entire evening by everyone wanting to get a glimpse of this one-man freakshow. GG accepted all offers of the free ride he was taking, then at 2:01 AM the club owner informed Bobby that it was time for GG to go on and if he wanted to get paid, he had better fucking get his shit together. Bobby went to inform GG, who at this time could not even stand up. He tried and fell flat. The club owner gave him 10 minutes, so Bobby and some others who were around lifted GG up and practically dragged him to the stage and propped him up to the mic stand.

GG stared with a cold empty look in his eyes, a bottle in one hand and a cigarette in the other. As the band fired into Outlaw Scumfuc, GG fell flat on his face, bashing into a pile of broken glass. He attempted to squirm to the side of the stage ignoring the band completely and yelling, "More fucking dope, I want more fucking dope!" Bobby gave him another \$10 bag and then GG crawled back out to the microphone. He worked his way up the stand like he was climbing the Empire State Building only to fall back on his face again.

The sold-out crowd who had paid 10 bucks each to see GG that night looked on in disbelief. "Was this to be the night GG Allin would die?" Some thought so. The band tried to hold it together but with no such luck. At one point GG started swinging his fists at band members. I don't think they got through a single song with GG. Then GG broke the mic by smashing it on the floor, at which point there were people all over the stage trying to see what was going on. GG then stood up one final time, screamed something and fell backwards over the bass amp knocking it and himself completely out.

The show was over. Many screamed, "I want my money back!" while the rest just looked on, wondering if GG was still alive. The bouncers took to the stage as people were talking about a riot. "Stand back!" one bouncer demanded, "Give him some air, we called an ambulance but stand and give him some air!" "Clear the building!" another yelled. It was complete chaos. Larvie from The Murderers as well as Bobby and others worked to revive GG, which they eventually did. They tried to pick him up and carry him outside, and as they were walking GG puked on everyone.

A girl named Ralph from Boston, a real sweaty hog dyke cunt that looked like a man was tagging along. Somehow they got GG into a car and got him back to Emily's where he was staying. But on the way he also puked all over the inside of the car; he was a fucking mess. When whoever he was riding with let him off, he heard them say to someone, "Good luck with that motherfucker." As he looked up in a haze, it was Ralph, she dragged him up to Emily's apartment and into a bedroom where he passed out in his puke and blood. He doesn't remember if Ralph and he engaged in any form of sex. But it was quite possible that she did.

When he woke up in the late afternoon, he was still fucked up. It was then he realized that this ugly bitch Ralph was laying beside him. He grabbed his coat and pulled out a canister of mace, squirted it into the air and left the room. About 30 seconds afterwards he heard coughing, and Ralph came darting out holding her throat, trying to speak with her eyes on fire. GG got a kick out of seeing her response, he enjoyed pain and agony, and enjoyed inflicting it on others as well. Then GG and Emily got into a fight about his behavior in her apartment, how he had no consideration for others; he did not listen nor give a fuck. Emily was his friend he thought, she'll get over it.

So he and Ralph split, they went over to 209 East 5th Street to visit with Cheetah Chrome and his girlfriend for awhile. Then they split to Port Authority to catch their buses, hers to Boston and his to Chicago. They went to a local bar and got drunk while waiting. Within a few hours of drinking, they both were now off to separate destinations.

On the way back to Chicago, GG was doing a lot of drinking and thinking. He decided on that bus ride that suicide was in the cards; he would commit suicide onstage. When he got back to Chicago he would set a date and place...

When GG arrived back in Chicago, again Sharon picked him up at the bus station and brought him back to her condo. But just as before, GG would be back on another Greyhound within a few days, this time to San Francisco where Richard Kern had set him up a gig at The Covered Wagon with his band The Drug Whores. So GG with just the clothes on his back and a suitcase full of booze, was ready for the trip.

When he arrived in San Francisco, Richard picked him up and took him to the apartment where he would be staying. When they arrived GG walked into a basement apartment, dark and full of paintings. In the corner sat a girl who reminded him of Junkie Jean. Her name was Jenny and he could see by the many syringes and speed that this was to be another great place to stay, with a speed junkie. Richard took off to round up the rest of the band for a rehearsal and left GG & Jenny to get acquainted, GG with his whiskey and she with her speed. Neither one talked much at first, they just kept to themselves, their own highs and their own worlds. Almost like both of them didn't trust the other, it was like two rats in a cage. They would be

spending 3 days together before the gig.

Not many words were exchanged and within a couple hours Richard returned to inform GG the rehearsal had been cancelled due to the fact that he could not find any of the bandmates. The band was not called The Drug Whores for nothing. They no doubt had their priorities on getting high and forgot about rehearsal. But Richard informed GG that he would track them down for the show, so he and GG went out to hit some clubs while Jenny wanted to stay alone in her dark apartment. GG could understand her solitude and could sense that this bitch was a lot like himself.

But he and Richard ventured off into the San Francisco night. At about 4:00 in the morning GG stumbled back to Jenny's to find her still up and speeding. She asked GG to strip naked and pose for her while she painted him. He complied, and when she was finished she had painted a nude demon. She could sense that this painting was the real GG Allin — we could communicate without words almost like we knew each other. Then they began to open up. GG eventually passed out only to wake up a few hours later to an empty apartment. Jenny had gone off to score more speed. GG made himself at home; he was home no matter where he was. The boy from nowhere, he lived where he was at.

He went through her tape collection and put on an old Hank Williams tape and began drinking once more. When Jenny got back she seemed irritated. "You drink too fucking much," she complained. She did not drink, only speed. "So fucking what," was GG's reply. He couldn't really bitch at her for doing too much speed, because he himself had been speeding all night with Richard. But she would continue to bitch about his drinking the whole time he was there. She told GG she wanted to check herself into a drug treatment program and that if GG would do the same, they could do it together. GG said maybe, but he had no intentions of doing so.

The following night they began to get fucked up. Jenny, who obviously hadn't slept in a few days, was laying off the speed a bit. The particular she wanted GG not to drink so they could just have a night to themselves in her bed. GG agreed...but he did not stick to his promise. He went in the bathroom and guzzled a pint of Jim beam in less than a minute. Then he went into his pocket and pulled out his switchblade, jumped on her and ripped her clothes off before he started sucking her cunt hard. "Go easy," she would say, but GG was savage. He put the knife up to her cunt, sliding the cold blade up and down her clit, and prying it open with the tip. She became frightened but did not dare to move. She would keep saying, "Go easy, you're scaring me," which only enhanced GG all the more. But she was a tough bitch and GG liked it. Through all the torment he put her through, they were starting to hit it off.

The next day when they got up a friend of hers named Ed Koonce came by. He was a cab driver in San Francisco, so he knew his way around. He asked GG and Jenny if they wanted to drive around the city, and they said yes. Within the first 15 minutes of the drive GG demanded to stop at a liquor store. Jenny was furious, she was screaming at GG, "You fucking bastard!" and told Ed not to stop. But GG was persistent and by now also fired up, so Ed did stop for GG to run in and buy a fifth of Jim beam. When he got back in the car it was silent, but not for long. Out of nowhere, Jenny turned to GG like a vicious cat, grabbed his bottle out of his hand, opened up the door of the moving vehicle, jumped out and ran down an alley.

GG was pissed out of his fucking mind. He didn't stop to think if maybe she was injured from her exit, all he was concerned about was his fucking whiskey. He told Ed to immediately drive him to another liquor store, then they drove back to Jenny's.

She was not back yet so they ended up breaking into her apartment to await her arrival as GG got drunker and more pissed by the minute, and within an hour they heard doors from a motor vehicle open and close. Then Jenny and Richard walked through the door, and before anyone could even speak a word, GG jumped to his feet like a snake and kicked Jenny and

began beating on her, “You fucking cunt, nobody fucks with GG Allin!” Richard and Ed had to hold him back. Richard finally convinced GG to go out drinking with them at a local bar, not so much for the company, he just had to get GG out of the apartment and get his mind off what had happened.

They stayed out all night. Richard didn’t dare to bring him back, and when GG finally did get back Jenny was gone. But this day was the day of the gig. So GG had a lot of other things on his mind, like where was his fucking band. He hadn’t even met them yet...

Early that evening Richard came by to pick up GG for the soundcheck. He handed GG a baggie of speed and off they headed for the club. The band was already set up and ready to go as GG and Richard walked in. There was already a crowd gathered inside and outside the club. There was a big underground buzz about GG’s first gig in Frisco. The Drug Whores were Richard Kern on guitar, Wes on bass and Glen Bateman on drums. Their soundcheck was fucking intense. They did not need a rehearsal, they played from the gut like another fix was ready to tear through their veins as GG took inventory of his body & soul.

After soundcheck a couple of girls approached GG named Julia and Missey. They informed GG of a party they were throwing after the gig and they wanted him to attend. He told them he would be there and that he would stay the night. He was not going back to see Jenny, fuck that cunt. Although she would be at the gig, he would have nothing to do with her again.

GG, Julia, Missey and a few others who tagged along went out to get high. Julia and Missey soon were complaining that they had to piss, so GG said, “Do it right here, I’m thirsty.” They just looked at each other and did what he said, they both squatted side by side and pissed into GG’s hands right there on the sidewalk. GG drank the piss from his cupped hands as quickly as he could, so to get more. The girls could not believe this...they then went back to the club’s backstage room.

The opening bands had already started, the backstage room for GG and his band was jam packed full of literally freaks, faggots, drunks, junkies, groupies, etc... GG was turned on to everything. He took it all... 15 minutes before he was to take the stage, he announced that everyone would have to leave the room, everyone, including his band. GG Allin demanded complete solitude before each show to prepare for war in his own personal way. As Richard left he handed GG another bag of speed.

The band started in on Blood For You to a sold out crowd who was ready for GG Allin. GG came out like a wildman, kicking and punching out people near the stage. He broke some kid’s nose and busted a pair of glasses off another. He attacked some girls sitting on the side of the stage, he took a shit and licked it up off the floor, spitting it at the crowd. He pissed on them as bodies began to fly in every direction, then he smashed beer bottles all over the stage and dove his now-naked body all over them, cutting himself with any piece he could find. Guys were wiping the blood off him with their fingers and eating it, like he was their god. He was.

Girls were sticking their fingers up his ass to his excitement only to turn on them viciously soon after. It was 25 minutes of complete insanity. When the show was over the crowd screamed ecstatically for more. GG would do no more. Some kid walked up to the stage and started giving GG some shit. So GG attacked him and then a weak riot broke out. The bouncers broke it up as GG, completely covered in blood went to the backstage room with his band. Jello Biafra was there to chat with a bleeding GG as well as half the club. Julia and Missy tracked GG down and he split with them back to their place and gave directions to the rest of the band. GG remained in his jockstrap with blood still pouring out of his body mixed with dirt and shit. He was so fucking wired that he said nothing.

The next thing he remembers is waking up the next day in bed with Julia and Missy, the fucking bed sheets covered with blood. GG did not realize how much blood he had lost and was so weak he could hardly move. He got stoned and sat in a chair paralyzed. It was all he

could do to put a pair of jeans on before he broke out in a cold sweat and his body began to swell. Julia thought he should go to the hospital but he refused, he had to get back to Chicago.

So he caught a cab to the bus station and waited 3 hours for the next bus out of town. He had that same feeling he had had many times before; he was hallucinating, dehydrated and sick to his stomach. But if only he could make it back to Chicago... He called Sharon and told her he was on his way back. But didn't at this point tell her how fucked up he was.

It was to be a long bus ride. GG could not move. He could barely stand up. When his bus stopped in Colorado, it was then he was thinking of death. He did not believe he could make it back to Chicago, so he called the airport to see about a flight. But unfortunately he fell about \$50 short in money, so he would have to continue the torturous bus ride. He did call Sharon and informed her now of just what had happened and how sick he really was. He told her when his bus was scheduled to arrive in Chicago and told her to be there. She would have to rush him to the emergency room of the closest hospital.

When he finally arrived, Sharon quickly rushed him to a hospital in Oak Lawn, Illinois. The doctor took one look at him and without delay hooked him up to an IV, got him a room and got him emergency treatment. The doctor asked what had happened and why it had taken him so long to get help. GG would not talk. The doctor thought it was some kind of freak ritual when GG finally told him it was self-inflicted. He ordered counseling and above all an AIDS test. He also told GG that if he had not gotten to the hospital when he did, he could have died in the car in two more days.

So GG spent the following 2 weeks in the hospital. To avoid any payment, when he felt better he just unplugged his own IV needles and just walked out of the hospital. Another bill he had no intentions of paying.

But as soon as he was out of the hospital another call came in from Bob Madigan in Detroit. He was setting up some gigs for GG and his own band Slaughterhouse for Muskegon and Detroit. GG was ready to move into the next battle zone.....

THE ANN ARBOR INCIDENT



